TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I often hear it said by residents of Toronto that the country in the immediate neighborhood of this city is to the last degree prosaic and unintefesting. Well, that depends. If the remark be confined to the road out across the Don, by way of Leslieville and the Woodbine, I am not going to quarrel with it. Nor am I disposed to take up the cudgels on behalf of Eastern avenue, or Winchester street, or Queen street, or even Yonge street. All these highways will conduct you to pleasant rural scenery, if you have patience to follow them far enough; but it must be confessed that for the first few miles out of Toronto they have little of an attractive nature to offer. In an easterly direction there is nothing worth seeing until you have passed the Woodbine; but after that, whichever road you take, you will find your way through a succession of sylvan scenes which are a delightful relief from the noise and bustle of town. By the southerly route you soon reach Kew Gardens, Balmy Beach, and Victoria Park. The sequestered little avenues leading down to the lake shore are well worthy of being explored. Charming little cottages, some of them of an exceedingly quaint order of architecture, greet the eye at every turn. If you prefer the more northerly route, and follow the Kingston road, various pleasant panoramas will unfold themselves to your view, after you pass Ben Lamond. Queen street offers nothing for your admiration until you approach the Indian road and High Park. As for Yonge street, it is more or less historic from end to end, but the scenery is not in itself noteworthy until you pass Newtonbrook, after which it is pleasant to contemplate all the way to Aurora.

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But these are not the only roads leading out of Toronto, and I am prepared to maintain against all comers that there are walks and drives in this neighborhood at which no true lover of rural scenes has any excuse for turning up his nose. For instance, there is the Davenport road, which affords a succession of pleasant prospects all the way from Yonge street to Davenport railway station, and beyond. To the right, one stately mansion after another rears its towers cloudward above the lofty heights of Spadina Ridge. To the left lies the whole expanse of the city, stretching far away to the waters of the bay, with the sandy ridge of the Island in the far distance. If you have energy enough to climb the adjacent hill, you can on a clear day catch an occasional fitful glimpse of the opposite shore of the lake. The wide panorama visible from this lofty height is one which will amply repay you for making the ascent, and which will effectually disabuse your mind of the erroneous idea that you must go far away from Toronto ere you can behold the beauties of nature.

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But there is one short drive in the immediate neighborhood of our fair city which, to me at least, bears away the palm from all others. "Drive," did I say? Well, it certainly makes a charming drive, but its whole extent is not more than six or seven miles, and if you are given to pedestrianism I advise you to make the trip on Shanks's mare, as by that means you will see many things of which you would probably take no note if you were riding. Here is the route in detail. Go out by way of Glen road across Howard street bridge, where you will find yourself in the delightful suburb known as East Rosedale. Keep on straight ahead up the hill, till you strike the sidewalk running east and west. Turn to the right for about sixty yards, past the fine mansion of Mr. Nelson. Then, still keeping the sidewalk, turn northward and walk along past J. C. Hamilton's house to the iron bridge. At the Toronto end of this bridge are two of the finest private dwellings to be seen in this part of the world. The castellated stone edifice to the left belongs to H. W. Darling. On the opposite side of the road is the turreted structure of white brick which was formerly the property of Edgar Jarvis, and which, I believe, is now in the market. Upon reaching the middle of the bridge, you are pretty certain to come to a full stop to admire the beauties of the deep ravine on each side. Look over the parapet, and you will perceive that you are at a dizzy height. About 150 feet below rolls a little ribbon-like stream known in local parlance as "the second creek." Three quarters of a mile eastward the view is obstructed by the heights of Todmorden. In the opposite direction the prospect is shut out by Mather's hill.

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Beyond the bridge the road conducts you past three edifices of red brick, each standing in the middle of a trimly-kept garden. Turn to your right at the third house, and follow the sidewalk eastward as far as it goes, when you will find yourself in a little summer-house commanding a view of part of the valley of the Don. The grotto is supplied with seats, where you can rest for a while, and amuse yourself by deciphering a few of the hundreds of names carved by ambitious visitors who have been there before you. When you are ready to resume your journey, take the road leading through the bushes to the right, and continue in it through the long avenue, which will finally land you in the main road leading down Mather's hill, and up the steep eminence on the western side of the valley. Continuing this course, you will presently emerge on Yonge street, at the corner of Chestnut Park. Here turn northward, cross the railway track, and proceed up the hill past St. Michael's cemetery, till you reach Deer Park Hotel. Then turn eastward again, down the concession leading past Mashquoteh, the whilom residence of William Augustus Baldwin, and the prospective site of the new Upper Canada College. Opposite Mashquoteh is Avenue road, leading down to Bloor street. Avenue road is well enough in its way, but if you take my advice you will leave it severely alone, and continue your walk about two hundred yards further eastward, when you will come to a narrow lane leading southward. By turning down here you will find yourself in a secluded avenue, which is the nearest approach to one of the green lanes of old England to be seen anywhere in Canada. The solitude and repose hereabouts are almost monastic, and as you dawdle along the shady avenue you will hardly be able to persuade yourself that you are within half an hour's walk of a large and flourishing centre of commercial life.

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This lane used to be call North Grange road. I think, but am not quite certain, that its present designation is Rathnelly avenue. It is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and is simply delightful from end to end. After descending a long, winding hill, the heights of stately Glenedyth tower above you to the right, and you will catch glimpses of innumerable beauties in the way of sylvan landscape. A sweet little bridge in Mr. Nordheimer's grounds suggests great piscatory possibilities, though the suggestion is probably deceptive, as the stream which it spans is too small to furnish a local habitation to anything larger than minnows. In another minute or two you will reach Davenport Road, whence you can find your way back to town by a dozen different routes, the pleasantest being by way of University Park. By the time you reach home you will have done your constitutional of six or seven miles, and if you are a fairly good walker you will feel the better for the effort. This is the loveliest walk or ride to be had in the neighborhood of Toronto, and those to whom the ground is not familiar will do well to take it the first pleasant afternoon they may have at their disposal. I am hugely mistaken if they will not inwardly thank me for calling their attention to it.

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The Parks and Drives Committee are understood to have matured a scheme to provide Toronto's citizens with a long and charming roadway through the Rosedale ravines, and thence up to the rear of Mount Pleasant Cemetery. This will doubtless be very fine—when we get it. Meanwhile it is still in the future, and until the projects of the committee are fully realized, the drive or walk which I have briefly outlined presents a series of attractions which no true lover of the idyllic can afford to neglect.

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From sylvan beauties to the misdoings of bank directors is a far leap, but I cannot refrain from taking it up before bringing my remarks for this week to a close. The disclosures in the matter of the Central Bank grow more and more interesting as the investigation draws its slow length along. The chief criminals are well advised in keeping themselves beyond the jurisdiction of our courts of justice, and it is safe to assume, at any rate with regard to some of them, that the place which once knew them will know them no more. This is well, in so far as the room of such rascals is greatly to be preferred to their company; but it is hard that those unfortunate ones who have been brought to ruin and despair should not have the poor satisfaction of seeing justice wrought on the evil-doers. This great mercantile calamity will have one good effect in bringing about more stringent legislation in matters pertaining to banks, but it must be confessed that the reform has been bought at a high price. It is well to lock the stable door after the steed has been stolen, but it seems too bad that there should be no possibility of recovering the animal itself. It is positively nauseating to learn that one of the robbers is assiduous in his attendance at church in his secure retreat beyond the lakes, and that he is as active as ever in directing the affairs of a Southern California Sunday school.

***

The conduct of a Toronto policeman in arresting and consigning to durance vile an inoffensive clergyman on Wednesday evening last, will doubtless receive severe reprehension at the hands of the authorities. Great allowance is to be made for over-zeal on the part of the guardians of the public peace, but in this instance the policeman seems to have altogether lost his head, and to have acted not only without calm judgment, but without common sense. The whole affair seems incomprehensible from first to last. There must have been some disturbing influence in the atmosphere, for the policeman in question was not the only personage who appeared to have parted with his judgment on that Wednesday evening. A special session of the Conference of the Methodist Church was expressly summoned for the occasion. Speeches were made by several members, and a resolution was passed pledging the body to stand by their brother. It is right that ministers of religion should stand by one another, but it would really seem as if the whole matter might very well have been left to the authorities. It certainly was not a case in which action on the part of the Conference was imperatively called for. Probably the reverend brethren have by this time become awake to the fact that they acted with precipitancy on this occasion.

OUR GIRLS.

Yes; life and death walk ever side by side,
And laughter unto tears is close allied.

An electric shock passed through society on Friday last when the sudden death of Mrs. Stuart Heath was announced. It is understood that Mrs. Heath had been in delicate health for some few months past, but quiet and rest were prescribed for her and no danger being hinted at or thought of, her many friends both here and in every other place in the province were totally unprepared for her sad demise. So much so that even her mother, who had been on a visit to her for a short time, returned to her home in Cobourg during the early part of the week, to be followed on Friday morning by the dreadful news of her daughter's death. Mrs. Heath was Miss Ina Stanton, eldest daughter of Mr. Irving Stanton of Cobourg, deceased, and was married to Stuart Heath, third son of Mr. Charles Heath of this city, on September 14th of last year. Mr. Heath is therefore left a widower after only a few months of wedded life, which makes the case even sadder to contemplate. Mrs. Heath's remains were taken to Cobourg on Saturday and the funeral took place on Sunday from her mother's residence there, attended by large numbers of sorrowing friends who had known her from babyhood.

*

The late Mrs. Heath's death recalls the almost parallel case of Mrs. Rosamond, a girlhood friend, and of the same town, who on her wedding tour through Europe, sickened and died at Monte Carlo last winter. A strange fatality, truly!

*

Mrs. Cattanach left on Monday last for Europe via New York, to be absent some months.

*

Mr. J. K. Kerr leaves next month to join his wife in Cheshire, England, and for travel on the continent.

*

Miss Fanny Castle of Cobourg has arrived in town on a visit to her sister, Mrs. James Crowther.

*

Mr. and Miss Bunting left on Tuesday for England and the continent via Montreal by steamship Vancouver. They will be absent during the hot months.

*

The death was cabled here last week of an old Torontonian, Mr. E. Macpherson Skae, who has for some time past resided abroad. The deceased married Emily, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Cumberland (who lived at the place which is now called Maplehyrn and owned by Mr. Morgan Cosby), and leaves a widow and one child, a girl of about fourteen.

*

The San Francisco Minstrels attracted quite a crowd at the Granite Rink, on Wednesday week, among whom were noticed a number of fashionables: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Torrance, Miss Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. W. McCullough, Mrs. John Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Miss Bunting, Mr. Kenneth Moffatt, Mr. Roly Moffatt, Mr. Rutherford and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. De Lisle, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. H. Webster, the Misses Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Miss Horrocks, Dr. and Mrs. O'Rielly, Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and the Misses Spratt, Mr. Geo. Michie, Mr. Arthur Boulton, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. and Mrs. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Stupart, Dr. A. J. Geikie, Mr. H. P. Davies, Mrs. Rice, Mr. A. Ford, Mr. Harry J. Piper, Dr. R. Spratt, Mr. Willoughby Crooks, and the usual number to make up a crowd. A collection was taken up, about $101.30, in aid of the Newsboys' Home.

*

Miss Tillie Spratt of Woodstock has arrived in town on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Douglas Armour.

*

Miss Hill and a large party of gentlemen and ladies, amongst whom were Rev. Mr. Nattrass of Holy Trinity Church, Mr. Alfred Hoskins, Q. C., Mr. and Mrs. Reid, the artists, Mrs. Proctor, and others, left on Thursday at noon for New York, to board the steamer sailing Saturday for England and the continent. The party will be abroad several months.

*

Mrs. Chas. Parsons of Queen's Park gave a very successful picnic to the Humber last Saturday, where a large number of friends enjoyed themselves on the banks of the river from two till eight o'clock.

*

Mr. Henry Elmslie arrived in town last week from his home abroad, on a flying visit to his old home and friends. He will remain in Canada probably four weeks, and will be in Toronto most of the time.

*

Among others who left for England this week were his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, Miss Constance Wragge and Miss Hamilton, daughter of his Lordship the Bishop of Niagara.

*

The Monday of this week at the T. L. T. C. proved an active as well as fashionable gathering. All the members came arrayed in picturesque and convenient attire for tennis and amusement, and they got it. It was a perfect day—bright, clear and cool, slightly windy, but not sufficiently so to spoil the enjoyment. The sets were made up during the afternoon of Mr. Fox, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Miss Birchall, the Misses Wragge, Miss Short, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Cassimer Dickson, Miss Kathleen O'Brien, Miss Campbell of Carbrooke, Mr. Yarker, Miss Maud Yarker, Mr. Percy Goldingham, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss Greene. One could not help missing the graceful and brilliant play of Mrs. Arthur Spragge and her sister Miss Madeline Cameron, who, on account of absence from the city have for the last two seasons denied the club the charm and honor of claiming them as members. Among others there were present Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Gwynne, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Yarker, Mrs. Wragge, Miss Selina Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Grace Boulton, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. Walter Ridout, the Misses Spratt, Miss Constance Cumberland, the Misses Greene, Mrs. E. W. Edwards, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Small, the Misses Todd, Miss Ardagh, Miss McCaul, Miss May Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones, Miss Robinson, Mrs. W. J. Baines, the Misses Morgan, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mrs. Cunningham, Messrs. H. D. Gamble, L. A. Tilley, Fox, Aleck Galt and Mervyn Mackenzie. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick. Some of the ladies' costumes, especially among the players, were unusually tasteful, as also were those of the men, and very becoming. The colors of the club, chocolate and blue, were brought conspicuously to the fore, especially on the men, breaking the monotony of the conventional white flannel, which from a distance, to a stranger, blended harmoniously with the brilliant toilets of the ladies present. The tournament of the T. L. T. C. commences this year later than usual, and will continue throughout the week until the contests are finally settled. Members are practising very hard, it is understood, so that there may be some chance of winning, for once, the championship, for so long and still held by Mr. C. S. Hymen of London. Torontonians would be glad to see the trophy here for a time.

*

Mrs. Stephen Heward's picnic to the Humber on Saturday last was undoubtedly one of the most pleasant affairs of the kind within the memory of any one. Although the majority of Mrs. Heward's guests made for the rendezvous at Morse's hotel on horseback, yet many others went thither in their carriages, while some took the train and others courageously rowed all the way from town. Of the former contingent, namely, those that rode, were Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Boulton, the Misses Yarker, Miss Campbell and Mr. Mayne Campbell, Miss Jones and Mr. Gordon Jones, Messrs. Benjamin Cronyn, Reginald Thomas, Captain Sears, Mr. Shanly, while others of the party were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, the Messrs. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Robinson, Miss Merritt, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Miss Dawson.

At the mouth of the Humber the party took boats and rowed up the river to one of the numerous pretty points so suitable for a picnic, where they met the wagon-load of good things that had been sent out from town. Down the stream again in the gloaming, and home after night had set in. Town was not reached until after nine o'clock. In spite of the combination of fatigue caused by rowing and riding it was a most delightful outing.

*

On Saturday of last week, before an audience which was thinned by the attractions elsewhere of a picnic and of cricket, was played a match between the Granite Club and the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club on the grounds of the latter. The play was good all round, and though in the singles the T. L. T. C. had it practically all their own way, yet some of the doubles were won by the members of the rival club. The only single event in which the Granite Club secured the victory was that in which Mr. Hollyer played Mr. Hayes. The latter gentleman, partly, no doubt, owing to his recent indisposition, was not quite in his usual form, and Mr. Hollyer succeeded in defeating him. Mr. Plummer, Mr. Galt, Mr. Fox and Mr. Cassimer Dickson all succeeded in vanquishing their visitor opponents.

*

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt has leased her house on St. George street to Mr. Harmann for the summer, and with Miss Merritt has gone to Haldimand County for the benefit of the country air.

*

Miss Keefer of Ottawa, who has been staying in town, left this week for home. This lady must have arrived only to hear of the terrible news of the death by drowning of her elder sister. In trying to save two little children who were bathing and had been carried out by the current, Miss Keefer got beyond her depth, and perished before assistance could be obtained.

*

Miss Tiny Gwynne, the youngest daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice Gwynne of Ottawa, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Yarker on Beverley street.

*

Society is in some considerable flutter over the near approach of an event which, is always so apparently exciting. The marriage of Mr. Wolferstan Thomas of London, Ont., to Miss Annie Vankoughnet is to take place on Wednesday next at three o'clock at St. George's Church.

*

Miss Broughall who has been spending the greater part of the winter in Montreal and Ottawa has returned to town, and those especially in the neighborhood of St. Stephen's Church are glad thereat.

Already the great summer exodus of fortunate citizens has commenced. SATURDAY NIGHT has chronicled the departure of many for scenes on the eastern side of the Atlantic. But there are attractive spots nearer home which are appreciated by many of our people, as will be seen by the list of names which will appear from week to week in these columns. Lorne Park opens its grounds for the season to-day, and amongst its visitors for the summer are: Mr. John Earls and family, Mr. E. Burke and family, Rev. Hugh Johnston and family, Mr. T. Bilton and family, Mr. J. W. Stockwell and family, Mr. T. G. Blake and family, Mr. W. H. Orr and family, Mr. F. Roper and family, Mr. Jas. E. Henderson and wife, Mrs. McMaster, Mr. C. Brush and family, Mr. Paul Campbell and family, Mr. Martin and family, Mr. J. B. Boustead and family, Mr. Alf. Clarke and wife, Mr. T. J. Malone, Mr. W. R. Henderson and family, Mr. W. J. Davis and family, Mr. J. McCausland and family, Mr. Pearson and family.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith have sent out invitations for a garden party on Thursday, June 23. Everybody will doubtless be there, and given only a fine day the scene will be as brilliant as it was on a similar occasion, and at about the same time last year. Mrs. Smith's Thursdays have proved the success which, at their announcement I anticipated for them. As the grounds of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club are a rendezvous on Monday, so is the Grange on Thursday.

*

Far and wide have cards been sent out for an entertainment at the Granite Rink, which I mentioned last week as being on the *tapis*. The president and members are At Home on Saturday, June 23, on the occasion of their return match with the Toronto Club. The conjunction of the two names for such an event cannot fail to make one think that the example of hospitality shown by the younger and larger club might perhaps be followed by the older of the two. I hear that on the 23rd there is to be dancing in the rink so lately the scene of the great art fair. But, as I said before, the time for afternoon dancing does not seem to be now, people don't appear to care about it.

*

Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright are giving up their pretty house on St. George street, and are moving to a smaller though no less pretty residence on Spadina road.

*

One of the first island dinner parties of the year was given by Messrs. Tilley and Harry Gamble on Wednesday. These gentlemen are occupying the same pretty cottage in which they resided last year. Owing to the backwardness of the season not many of the regular island residents have as yet crossed the bay, but Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance and Mr. Small are amongst the few that have done so.

*

Miss Robinson has abandoned her proposed visit to Europe. With Hon. John Beverley Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, she leaves shortly for Governor's Island in Lake Joseph, Muskoka, where the usual large number of guests will be entertained during the summer.

Colonel Grasett.

Eight years ago the regiment known as the 10th Royals had reached low-water mark. Internal dissensions, mutual jealousies, and the lack of a firm, controlling hand at the head of affairs, were the potent factors in this unenviable state of affairs. But two alternatives suggested themselves—disbandment, or re-organization under a fresh command. The outlook was gloomy indeed. But the hour had come, and with it the man who was destined to reduce chaos to order.

Henry James Grasett, the eldest son of the late Venerable Dean Grasett, was chosen by the Government as the likeliest man to achieve the successful re-organization of the regiment, and the present standing of the Grenadiers is the standpoint from which the wisdom of the Government must be judged.

Familiar with military life from the experience born of several years in the Imperial service, belonging to an old and respected family, possessing the happy knack of handling men, the new head of the regiment threw himself heart and soul into the work of re-organization, and, by dint of hard work and persistent effort, brought the regiment to its present high state of efficiency. Under his command it saw active service three years ago, and every one has heard the thrice told tale of how well the Grenadiers redeemed the trust that was then reposed in their keeping.

When Colonel Grasett received the appointment made vacant by the retirement of Major Draper, it was at once felt that what was the city's gain would prove to be a loss to the Grenadiers, and the announcement of his retirement this week confirms that feeling. But Toronto still has need of his services. Our police force already gives strong evidence of his individuality, and it is safe to affirm that whatever honor the future may have in store for him, whether municipally or politically, will have been well deserved, but no higher praise can be offered Col. Grasett than the affirmation that he is the worthy son of an honored sire.

*

The lectures by Prof. Loisette on Memory in Association Hall next week give promise of much interest. The professor comes amongst us with the highest recommendations from prominent men on either side of the Atlantic. All classes may profit by his teachings, especially young men who are training for the bar and the pulpit.

*

A musical and literary entertainment was given to the pupils of Loretto Abbey in the reception hall of that building on Wednesday afternoon at which Mr. Barton Brown, a young elocutionist of this city, was the main source of entertainment. His recitations from standard authors and poets, particularly The Bells by Poe, were very much enjoyed by the young ladies and others present. Judging from the appreciation which met his talents displayed in a diversified programme Mr. Brown is likely to be heard from in the future as an elocutionist. The young ladies also contributed to the entertainment in a very creditable manner.

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THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

"Don" at the Derby.

Yesterday I went to see the Derby, and it was a revelation to me. It is one of several revelations I have had to the effect that all big things are not in the Western world. Like everyone else, I had heard of the Derby and knew it to be a big racing event, but when I climbed to the top of a "Tally-ho" coach on Wednesday morning and started for Epsom Downs I had no idea of what I was going to see. The first idea of hugeness was received when I came to pay for my seat on the coach—£2 17s, that is, somewhere in the neighborhood of $14. This for sixteen miles and back struck me as a pretty stiff mileage. But everybody had advised me to go "by road" on the top of a coach, and though it came high I had to have it. There are two prices for a first-class conveyance by road to the races. The other is £5 5s., which is advertised to include lunch and champagne *ad libitum*. As transportation was so expensive I took the line with the champagne left out. The "Tally-ho" coach is, as you know, a great British institution, and it is considered quite the proper caper to own one of these two storied affairs and, about this time of the year, to load a dozen of your friends on top, put the baggage inside and go for a coaching tour. I thought when I paid for my ticket I must have purchased a half interest in the one we had, and if the fare had been a little bit more I would have taken it half and half, *i.e.*, ridden out to Epsom and walked back.

Our four horses were hardly up to my ideal of the prancing chargers and high-spirited steeds which legend informs us used to haul the mail-coach in the glorious past. The nigh leader was knee-sprung, and his mate was evidently suffering from a recent bereavement, as his spirits seemed so very much dejected. The coachman, as in the good old days, was the most important part of the institution. He was large, which, together with his look of severe importance, threw the passengers quite into awe of him. His load was not as large as usual, and he told us almost immediately that he felt very much hurt at having to drive so small a crowd, and that if he had "know'd" that the coach would look so "hempty" he would not have "took a fi-pun note" and been coachman of it. This had a very depressing effect on us all. To start to the Derby with our coachman so ill at ease and his haughty spirit bowed down was trying indeed. He further informed us that for twenty-four consecutive years he had driven a coach to the Derby, and was one of the best known drivers on the road. Now, waiting for more passengers it grew late and we grew impatient, but he said he "guess as he know'd when to start," and after we had been perched on the box for a little over an hour in front of our hotel, he gathered up the lines and told the footman to "let 'er gow." The gentlemen booked for the top clung to the seats when the long whip was unfurled and noisily cracked by the right ear of the off horse; but there was no unusual disturbance. The coach did not leap from the ground or the horses either. We jogged off through the streets leading to the Clapham road at a very prosaic gait.

"I guess we'll be pretty late, won't we, driver?" suggested a gentleman from Montreal.

No answer.

My traveling companion remarked during the awkward pause which followed, that he "guessed we would be late and would look sick enough going into the grounds at the tail end of the procession."

I thought at the time that this was a very appropriate remark, but after I had seen the "grounds" and the "procession," I knew what made the driver look so scornful as he turned and gazed into the faces of the two Canadians who had had the bad taste to criticise him.

"When we get to Clapham I guess yew'll see as we 'aven't been left hout of the procession."

With these ironical words he quieted his horses into a walk in order as he explained to the guard afterwards at the Clapham hostlery, to show them Yankees he was in no "bloody 'urry." Truly enough we found plenty of procession. The streets were emptying an endless stream into the Clapham road, and long before we reached the Clapham Commons the road was blockaded. It took us nearly an hour to reach the first "pub," and as the public houses, even in the rural districts, are not over a mile or two apart, it can be conceived that our progress was pretty slow. The coachman, jeeringly, at this juncture remarked, "We hain't too late for the procession, are we now?"

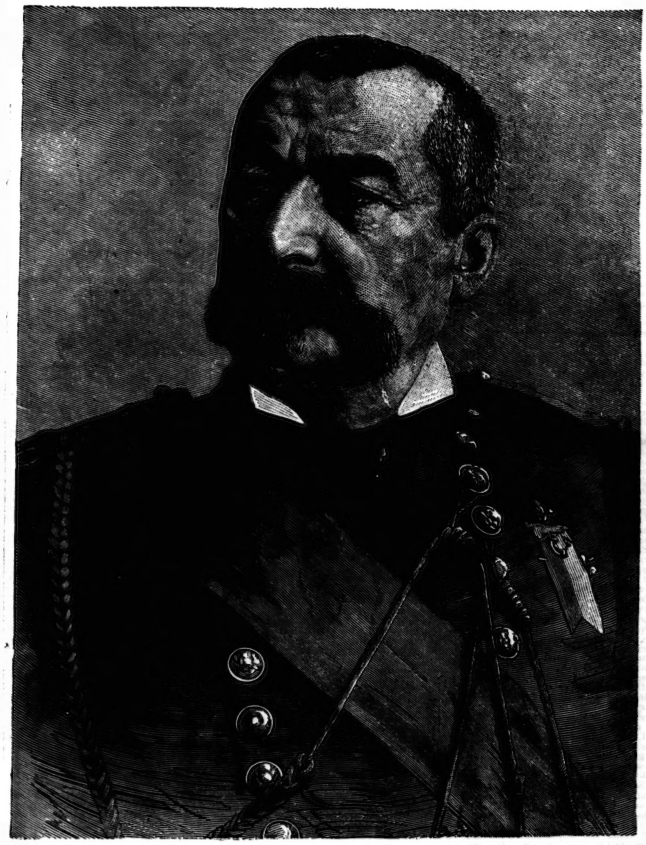
And a motley procession it was. Magnificent carriages with high stepping horses. Tally-ho coaches covered with elegantly dressed men and women, long lines of a sort of half coach and half omnibus, where the seats would cost a guinea apiece, omnibuses with four horses and seats at "fifteen bob," hansoms, four wheelers, dog-carts, coal wagons, costermongers, carts, donkey carts, milk wagons, drays of all sorts and horses of all breeds and sizes; mules, donkeys, everything from the six-in-hand and four-in-hand down to the patient looking little donkey hauling a half-dozen men and women each one bigger than himself. If the vehicles were strangely assorted and the cattle of many breeds, they were not yet so motley as the people. From the very rich to the very poor, all alike were on pleasure bent and with one accord had laid out for themselves a jolly day at Epsom. The proud dame in the carriage seemed to have relaxed a little, and the red-faced woman on the coster's wagon was prepared to engage in conversation on the shortest and most impolite notice. The ladies from the fish market were noticeably unconventional, while gentlemen from other districts of London were not afraid to enter the arena with these well known disputants. Harlequins in the variegated garb of the trade jogged along on the patient ass and sought to make merriment out of the passer-by, never failing to request a slight donation to assist them in continuing the festivities. Tambourine, flute and fiddle players, blackened like the negro minstrel, jogged along in donkey-carts with many a song and grimace, dodging amongst the crowds, and with wonderful alacrity escaping the horses hoofs, whilst the dealers in sweets and vendors of ribbons and many-colored gauzes besought the Derby-goer to buy something. The Metropolitan police scattered along that sixteen miles, within hailing distance of each other, kept the crowd in order, three vehicles going abreast, except when passing through a narrow street, where they were forced to go two by two, reminding me of the old song—

"He drove the animiles two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo."

The London policeman has a great head. He never gets excited, and is treated with considerable respect. He never notices little commotions such as lead to the arrest of the participants in our more advanced city, but he keeps order.

One is out and away past Clapham before you really strike country, and after six miles of crowd and jostle, in which I heard no one speak a cross word, we were between hedge-rows and under the green trees, and by the quiet pastures. But the crowd was still present, always good-natured, full of raillery and joke, quick to retort, already drinking beer out of jugs and eating sandwiches—men and women apparently never passing the mug without taking a drink. Entire good-nature was the rule, and if anybody had manifested a cranky spirit I believe he would have been mobbed in a minute. It is wonderful how those little horses and donkeys can haul such loads as they do. Right beside us was a Shetland pony with eight full-grown people riding behind it, and cracking him along at a lively gait too. His little ears were sticking up, his feet pattering along over the level road like drum taps, and he seemed as full of enthusiasm as the leader of my lord's coach with one hand and has a mug of ale in the other. Nobody cares whether it is going to rain or not. The cattle stop feeding to gaze with astonishment at the jolly crowd. A boy on an omnibus succeeds in hitting one of them on the nose with a pea and someone at the same instant brings his pea-shooter to bear on Mr. Smart Aleck's ear, and everybody laughs. A man selling false noses is driving a brisk trade; and from this point forward we see vast crimson beaks and all sorts of nasal ornaments, which on the way home impart almost as much grotesqueness to the scene as one will find in a Mardi-gras festival. Our horses have warmed up. The old hunters in front paw the air and are swinging along at a lively speed. The coachman, thawed out by repeated libations at the various hostelries, has become more voluble, and for the fiftieth time has told us it is the smallest crowd he ever drove out to the Derby, and that he "'ates to see the hother cowchmen gow by hand see 'im with a hempty box." He has already confessed to us that on very many occasions his enthusiastic passengers have made up a purse which has often exceeded "fi-pun," and presented it to him, not for its intrinsic value, but for the sentiment which it was intended to convey. None of us take the hint.

The sun is shining now, brightening the colors of hedge and trees and making the lasses in the village of Sutton shade their eyes as they gaze at the motley stream. The girls at the upper windows throw kisses to the lads below, and a lot of bare-footed kids are running beside the coach shouting "Chuck us a penny, sir! Chuck 'er down, there! Don't be so tight! Chuck 'er down!"



GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

sweeping by us on the other side. Right behind us is a huge van load of young men and women all alike drinking beer and eating a snack of some kind. Though they have no footman to blow the tally-ho, one of the number is an expert on the cornet and he is giving us the not unfamiliar air of "The little old log cabin in the lane." The three black minstrels in a cart have joined in the same air, while three butcher boys in their cart are performing on tin horns, "My Nelly's blue eyes" being the song which suffers. The women are laughing and half a dozen of them have babies in their laps while a Shetland pony in a dog cart is hustling by with a big fat woman sitting on a chair roped on behind the seat. The driver of the cart is almost astride the splash-board to balance the weight, while the wife and baby are on the seat and all are laughing and having a thoroughly good time.

We are now really out between the hedge-rows, and they are green and beautiful. The elm overhead stretch their graceful branches to one another. The cowslips and daisies fill the fields, the furze with its brilliant yellow flowers crowns the wall with a line of color and the sleek cattle are licking each other's backs, scarcely disturbed by the passing throng.

It was a grey day. Ever since morning the rain had threatened and clouds keep drifting across as if at any moment their flood-gates might be opened. But no one looks at the weather. The girl with the new dress, perhaps, only one of two she gets in the year, is not thinking about it. She is sitting in a van with thirty others, and has tight hold of her lover

After the horses are watered—the process, somehow or other, takes half an hour, during which all the passengers feel it their duty to assuage the grief of the coachman by considerably more beer—we are off, and before us rise the beautiful upland sleading to Epsom Downs. We pass an orphan asylum, and on this Derby-day the "horflings" have their best clothes on, and are assembled for half a mile along the wall, shouting for coppers, and proving themselves to be the lustiest of youngsters, for the clamor is something deafening. The driver condescended to tell me that on these occasions the orphans have been known to gather large sums, which were used for a treat at the Crystal Palace, or somewhere else. I considered this an intimation that if I desired to stand well in his eyes, I had to "chuck," and I chucked pretty near all I had left. The orphans continued to howl, and we had scarcely left that lot before we passed another where the shouting for coppers was as vociferous as ever. The orphan business seems to be one of England's leading industries if the orphanages between London and Epsom are any sign.

It was a great sight to see for miles behind us every now and then, through the openings in the trees and hedges, the crowd surging along, while above us climbing the hills to the Downs, was another endless chain.

"How many people ordinarily come out to the Derby, coachman?" I inquired.

"Ho, it's heatimated about height 'undred thousand or a million get hin the 'grounds'" (the latter with fine scorn and a look at my friend which made him wince).

The road sides were covered with pic-nickers, who were eating their luncheon before going up the hill to the Downs. The gypsies were telling fortunes, and already every fakir who infests our fairs, with some kinds I had never seen before, is plying his vocation in the throng.

I have been so long getting to the Derby that I won't have any room to describe it. When I first caught sight of that concourse it fairly took away my breath. Thousands of flags! A grand-stand as high as Manning's Arcade! All the enclosures crowded solid full of people! The enclosure within the course (which is upwards of three miles in length) was dotted all over with carriages, while opposite the grand-stand it was one solid mass of people. I confess I expected when I started for the Derby to see a race-track with a big board fence round it something like ours, and was not surprised when the other Canadian referred to the "grounds." But there are no fences at Epsom except the bars and posts which outline the course. The grass is green everywhere, and instead of running in the dust and mud as on the American trotting tracks, the racer has the springy turf beneath his hoofs. From the top of our coach we had a view unsurpassed except by the privileged few who were about the royal box. The races themselves had no more interest for me than the little scraps which we have out at the Woodbine. Even though I knew it was the greatest racing contest in the world, I could not take my eyes off the people long enough to look at the horses.

The hoarse roar of the million voices yelling, "There he goes!" "Ayrshire wins!" "Galore is ahead!" drowned every thought of whom white and black belonged to, or yellow or red. I did not know the horses and the colors or anything else. It seemed nothing in comparison with the great ocean of people who, after the race was over, dodged under the paling, and ran eagerly towards the flags, where the number of the winner was displayed. It was a grand and a moving sight, surpassingly great, and one that no one ever forgets. If an American were coming to England for one day only, and wanted the best possible idea of the English people he could get, I would advise him to see the Derby, and go "by the road." There the jollity and contentment of John Bull and his wife and family can be seen to the best advantage. Also his proneness to eat and drink whenever an opportunity offers, and his good nature, when he is full of beef and beer, is thoroughly demonstrated. There, too, you can see the respect which title and social position are awarded. The crowd in the carts may be familiar with those in the carriages, but there is a thorough acceptance of the present order of things which is the best answer to the allegation that socialism is growing in England.

But I am spinning it too long. The Derby has been described so many times that it would be useless for me to attempt a new description.

It is one hundred and nineteen years old, and while I am told the scenes on the road are not as lively as they used to be when flour was thrown on everyone and cologne and dirty water were about equally squirted on the passer by and pea blowers were the amusement of lord and gamin alike, and when drunkenness was more prevalent than it is now, the return from Epsom was almost a saturnalia. Even in this year of grace the hilarity of that crowd was at high pressure even for a day of merry-making. Some very nice looking ladies were noticeable in the dog-carts and other vehicles, overcome by the labors of the day and frequent communion with the mug as it passed. A drunken woman is not a pretty sight, even if she is good natured, and though the night came on apace good nature abounded and beer continued to flow. Though the sandwiches were all gone the beer never stopped. Almost everybody was either drinking, singing or dancing on the green. To the music of bagpipes, flutes and penny whistles competitions in step dancing were going on, in which the competitors displayed a good deal more hosiery than is considered proper in such a cold climate as Canada. "Go it, Sal!" "Stay with her, Jenny!" and other sounds of encouragement kept the dancers in motion until their eyes were bulging out and their faces about ready to burst. Others were throwing balls at cocoa-nuts, throwing balls into tubs, turning hand-springs for a penny, and the tipsters and book-makers were shouting when we left the Downs for home.

As I have said before, the scenes on the road home were not what they used to be, but they are sufficiently lively for a Canadian who goes to races very seldom and is used to seeing a holiday wound up by nothing more amusing than a free fight and a general display of ill-nature. The coachman permitted me to sit beside him as we came home. He told me he was an omnibus driver and had been one for thirty years, and that he got six shillings a day and worked sixteen hours per diem, and seven days in the week, and that he was "in blawsted poor luck if 'e didn't get 'is beer from the hother end hof the coach." I asked him what that meant, and he replied by telling me that the conductor only got four bob, "which was the same as the company telling him he would have to make something for himself. And of course he don't last very long unless he shares it with the coachman." That is, they stand in to plunder either the passenger or the company—I don't know which!

The grey skies were never unkind enough for a downpour, and as the dust had been laid by the rain the night before, and the sun was screened by the clouds, there was brightness enough now and then to keep it from gloom, and the 119th Derby-day was all that could be desired. Homeward bound the horses went their best; the tally-hos were sounding everywhere, and the people were singing, the children in the big vans gave us their school songs, and along the road-sides and streets, for six miles before we came to the Thames embankment, were one solid mass of people who came out to see the return from Epsom. One-third of the roadway was kept for vehicles coming out to meet the procession, and these traps, nearly all of which had been engaged in trading during the day, were loaded down with sight-seers who came to see the great callithumpian procession of England return from the scene of its great day's hilarity. The shouts and pleasantry, the references to the personal appearance of those in the vehicles, and the good-natured but very pointed comments of the crowd, simply made the scene more *piquante*, and added just the flavor to make it the most memorable day I had ever seen. It comes to few who have never seen the Derby to see three-quarters of a million of people massed on one field, and there must have been twice that number from Clapham to the river, on the return. And the sounds of the great turf day: "Six to one, bar one, agen the field!" "Five to four agen Ayrshire!" "Five to four agen the favorite!" "The field against the favorite!" "Haloo there, Buffalo Bill, when did you come hover?" will ring in my ears long after I cross the ocean on my return home. And by the way, this is going to happen very soon; for with all its Derbies, and ruined castles, and scenery, and story, the old land is not my land, and I long for home.

DON.

Gen. Philip H. Sheridan.

The hero of Winchester is fighting his last battle. Perhaps before these lines are in the hands of the reader the fight will be lost and won. One by one they have dropped off till now there are few left of the heroes of the great rebellion. Gen. Sheridan was born in Somerset, Perry Co., O., in the year 1831. At the age of seventeen he secured an appointment at West Point, passed his examinations, began his military cadetship in 1848 and graduated with the class of 1853. He served on the Pacific Coast till the war broke out. In the various engagements in which he took part he showed such skill and daring as to earn promotion. His first great exploit was at Chatanooga where he fought for the first time immediately under the eyes of Grant, and in a manner highly pleasing to him. When Grant was made General-in-Chief of the army shortly after, he placed Sheridan in command of the cavalry of the army of the Potomac. It was while holding this command and fighting with Gen. Early that he took his famous "ride" from Winchester, and arrived on the field barely in time to rally his panic stricken troops and turn the tide of victory. After the war he commanded in the Department of the Gulf, in Louisiana, Texas and Missouri. In 1883 he assumed command of the army of the United States in place of General Sherman. Our portrait is reproduced from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

A young abbe, accompanied by two young and pretty women, once entered the box of the Marshal de Noailles, who was known for his misfortunes on the battlefield. The marshal soon afterward came and claimed the box. In the height of the dispute the abbe called out to the pit, which had looked on with much interest: "Gentlemen, I appeal to you. Here is the Marshal de Noailles, who has never taken a place in his life, and now wants to take mine. Am I to go?" "No! no!" cried the pit, and the marquis was forced to give way.

Savareen's Disappearance:

A Half-Forgotten Chapter in the History of an Upper Canadian Township.

BY JOHN CHARLES DENT.

CHAPTER XI.

AN INTERVIEW BY CANDLELIGHT.

The apartment in which the "bold discoverer in an unknown sea" found herself presented an appearance far from cheerful or attractive. It was of small dimensions, but too large for the meagre supply of furniture it contained. The unapaered walls displayed a monotonous surface of bare whitewash in urgent need of renewal. In one corner was an improvished looking bed, on which reposed an infant of a few months old. At the foot of the bed was a cheap toilet stand, with its accessories. In the adjacent corner was a door apparently opening into a kitchen or inner room, and some kind, against which was placed a battered leather trunk with a broken hasp. A small table of stained pine, without any covering, stood near the middle of the room, and two or three common wooden chairs were distributed here and there against the walls. The faint light of expiring fire found admission by means of a window looking out upon the roofs to the rear of the house. The only artificial light consisted of a solitary candle placed on the table, at the far end of which sat a woman engaged in sewing.

The light, dim and ineffectual as it was, served to show that this woman was in a state of health which her friends, if she had any, must have deemed to be anything but satisfactory. It was easy to perceive that she had once possessed an attractive and rather pretty face. Some portion of her attractiveness still remained, but the beauty had been washed away by privation and misery, leaving behind nothing but a faint simulacrum of its former self. She was thin and pinfing to the point of emaciation, insomuch that her print dress hung upon her as loosely as a morning wrapper. Her cheeks were sunken and hollow, and two dark patches beneath a pair of large blue eyes plainly indicated serious nervous waste. In addition to these manifest signs of a low and exhausted health, her pinched features had a worn, weary expression which told a sad tale of long and continuous suffering. Most of these things her visitor, in feminine quickness of perception, took in at the first momentary glance, and any preconceived feeling of hostility which may have had a place in her heart gave way before a sentiment of womanly sympathy. Clearly enough, any display of jealous anger would be wholly out of place in such a presence and situation.

Mrs. Savareen had not given much pre-consideration as to her line of action during the impending interview. She had merely resolved to be guided by circumstances, and what she saw before her made her errand one of some difficulty. Her main object, of course, was to ascertain, beyond the possibility of doubt, whether the man calling himself Jack Randall was the man known to her as Reginald Bourchier Savareen.

The tenant of the room rose as her visitor entered, and even that slight exertion brought on a hollow cough which was painful to hear.

"I am sorry to see," gently remarked the visitor, "that you are far from well."

"Yes," was the reply; "I've got a cold, and ain't very smart. Take a chair." And so saying, she placed a chair in position, and made a not ungraceful motion towards it with her hand.

Mrs. Savareen sat down, and began to think what she would say next. Her hostess saved her from much thought on the matter by enquiring whether she had called to see Mr. Randall.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Savareen, "I would like to see him for a few moments, if convenient."

"Well, I am sorry he's out, and I don't suppose he'll be in for some time. He's generally out in the fore part of the day, and he's not most always home in the morning. Is it anything I can tell him?"

Here was a nice complication. Had Mrs. Savareen been a student of Moliere, the fitting reply to such a question under such circumstances would doubtless have risen to her lips. She shrewdly suspect that she had never heard of the famous Frenchman, whose works were probably an unknown quantity in Millbrook in those days. Without any more hesitation she fenced with the question, and put one in her turn.

"Do you know if he has heard from his friends in Hertfordshire lately?"

"Hertfordshire? O, that is the place he comes from in the Old Country. No, he never writes from there. I don't think anybody has to write to his friends in England, but he says it is so long since he left that they have forgotten him all about him." Here she was interrupted by another fit of coughing.

"No," she resumed, "he never even wrote to England to tell his friends when he were married. He was only a boy when he left home, and he was a good many years in Canady before he came over to the States."

Just at this point it seemed to occur to Mrs. Randall that she was talking rather freely about her husband to a person whom she did not know, and she pulled herself up with a rather short turn. She looked intently into her visitor's face for a moment, as though with an inward monition that something was wrong.

"But," she resumed, after a brief pause, "do you know my husband? I can't remember as I ever seen you before. You don't live in New York; I can see that. I guess you come from the West."

Then Mrs. Savareen felt that some explanation was necessary. She fairly took the animal by the extreme tip of his horns.

"Yes," she responded, "I live in the West, and I have only been in New York a very short time. I accidentally heard that Mr. Randall lived here, and I wish to ascertain if he is the same gentleman I once knew in Canada. If he is, there is something of importance I should like to tell him. Would you be so kind as to describe his personal appearance for me?"

The woman again inspected her very carefully, with eyes not altogether free from suspicion.

"I don't exactly understand," she exclaimed. "You don't want to do him any harm, do you? You haven't got anything agin him? We are so deep enough trouble as it is."

The last words were uttered in a tone very much resembling a wail of despair. By this time the visitor's sympathies were thoroughly aroused on behalf of the poor broken creature before her.

She felt that she had not the heart to add to the burden of grief which had been imposed upon this woman. She turned towards her with anxiety depicted upon her weary, anxious face.

"I can assure you," responded Mrs. Savareen, "that I have no intention of doing any harm either to him or to you. I would much rather do you a kindness, if I could. I can see by your tell that you stand in great need of kindness."

The last words were spoken in a tone which disarmed suspicion, and which at the same time stimulated curiosity. The shadow on Mrs. Randall's face passed away.

"Well," said she, "I beg your pardon for mistrusting you, but my husband has never told me much about his past life, and I was afraid you might be an enemy. But I am sure, now I look at you, that you wouldn't do harm to anybody. I'll tell you whatever you want to know, if I can."

"Thank you for your good opinion. Will you be good enough, then, to describe Mr. Randall's personal appearance? I have no other object than to find out if he is the person I used to know in Canada."

"How long ago did you know him in Canady?"

"I last saw him in the summer of 1854—about five years ago."

"Well, at that rate, I've known him pretty near as long as you hev. It's more'n four years since I first got acquainted with him down in Ole Virginny, where I was raised. Why, come to think of it, I've got his likeness, took just before we was married. That'll show you whether he's the man you knew."

As she spoke, she rose and opened the leather trunk in the corner by the closet door. After rummaging among its contents, she presently returned with a small oval daguerreotype in her hand. Opening the case, she handed it to Mrs. Savareen. "There he is," she remarked, "an' it's considered an awful good likeness."

Mrs. Savareen took the daguerreotype and approached the candle. The first glance was amply sufficient. It was the likeness of her husband.

She made up her mind as to her line of action on the instant. Her love for the father of her child died away as she gazed on his picture. It was borne in upon her that he was a heartless scoundrel, unworthy of any woman's regard. Before she withdrew her glance from the daguerreotype, her love for him was dead and buried beyond all possibility of revivification. What would it avail her to still further lacerate the heart of the unhappy woman in whose presence she stood? Why kill her outright by revealing the truth? There was her child, and evidently the step was a short one—between her and the grave. The distance should not be abridged by any act of the lawful wife.

She closed the case, and quietly handed it back to the woman whom it will still be most convenient to call Mrs. Randall. "I see there has been some misunderstanding," she said. "This is not the Mr. Randall I knew in Canada."

In her kind consideration for the invalid, she deliberately conveyed a false impression, though she spoke nothing more than the simple truth. There had indeed been "some misunderstanding," and Savareen's likeness was certainly not the likeness of Mr. Randall. As matter of fact, Mrs. Savareen had really known a Mr. Randall in Millbrook, who bore no resemblance whatever to her husband. Thus, she spoke the literal truth, while she at the same time deceived her hostess into thinking her own good. Affliction had laid its blighting hand there heavily enough already. Her main object now was to get away from the house before the return of the man who had so villainously wrecked two innocent lives. But a warm sympathy for the betrayed and friendless woman had sprung up in her heart, and she longed to leave behind some practical token of her sympathy. While she was indulging in these reflections the infant on the bed awoke, and set up a startled little cry. Its mother advanced to where it lay, took it up in her arms, sat down on the edge of the bed, and stilled its forlorn little wails by the means known to mothers from time immemorial. When it became quiet she again deposited it on the bed, and resumed her seat by the table.

Mrs. Savareen continued standing.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you unnecessarily," she remarked; "and will now take my leave. Is there anything I can do for you? I should be glad if I could be of any use. I am afraid you are not very comfortably off, and you are far from well in health. It is not kind of Mr. Randall to leave you alone like this. You need rest and nursing, I fear."

These were probably the first sympathetic words Mrs. Randall had heard from one of her own sex for many a day. The tears started to her tired eyes, as she replied:

"I guess there ain't no rest for me this side o' the grave. I haven't any money to git medicyal advice, and I don't suppose a doctor could do me any good. I'm pretty well run down, and so is baby. I'm told it can't live long, and I'm sure only laid to rest I wouldn't care how soon my time came. You're right about our being awful hard up. But don't you be too hard on my husband. He has his own troubles as well as me. He hain't had no cash lately, and don't seem to be able to git none."

"But he could surely stay at home and keep you comfortable, if he has been you are so ill. It must be very lonely for you."

"Well, you see, I ain't much company for him. He's been brought up different, and I reckon he's hev, an's been used to hevin' things comfortable. I ain't strong enough to do much of anything myself, with a sick baby. I'm sure I don't know what's to be the end of it all. Ee a general thing he don't mean to be unkind, but—"

Here the long-suffering woman utterly broke down, and was convulsed by a succession of sobs, which seemed to exhaust the small stock of vitality left to her. The visitor approached the chair where she sat, knelt by her side, and took the poor wasted form in her arms.

They mingled their tears together. For some time neither of them was able to utter a word, but the sympathy of the stronger of the two acted like a cordial upon her weaker sister, who gradually became calm and composed. The sobs died away, and the shattered frame ceased to tremble. Then they began to talk. Mrs. Savareen's share in the conversation was chiefly confined to a series of sympathetic questions, whereby she extracted such particulars as furnished a key to the present situation. It appeared that the *sol-disant* Jack Randall had made the acquaintance of a second victim within a short time after his departure from Canada. He had then been engaged in business on his own account as a dealer in horses in Lexington, Kentucky, where the father of the woman whose life he afterwards blighted kept a tavern. He had made soft speeches to her, and had won her heart, although, even then, she had not been blind to his main defect—a fondness for old Bourbon. After a short courtship, they had contracted a marriage, and the sun of prosperity had never shone upon them after their marriage, for his drinking habit had grown upon him, and he had soon got to the end of what little money he had. He had been compelled to give up business, and to take service with anyone who would employ him. Then matters had gone from bad to worse. He had been compelled to move about from one town to another, for his habits would not admit of his long continuing in any situation. She had accompanied him wherever he went with true wifely devotion, but had been constrained to drink deeply of the cup of privation, and had never been free from anxiety. About six months ago they had come to New York, where he had at first found a fairly remunerative employment in Hitchcock's sale stable. But there, as elsewhere, he had wrecked his prospects by drink and neglect of business, and for some time past the unhappy pair had been utterly destitute. The baby had been born soon after they had taken up their quarters in New York. The mother's health, which had been far from strong before this event, completely broke down, and she had never fully recovered. The seeds of consumption, which had probably been implanted in her before her birth, had rapidly developed themselves under the unpromising regimen to which she had been subjected, and it was apparent that she had not long to live. She was unable to afford proper nourishment to her child, which languished from day to day, and the only strong desire left to her was that she might survive long enough to see it fairly out of the world.

Such was the sad tale poured into the sympathetic ears of Mrs. Savareen, as she knelt there with the poor creature's head against her bosom. She, for the time, lost sight of her own share in the misery brought about by the man who, in the eye of the law, was still her husband. She spoke such words of comfort and consolation as suggested themselves to her, but the case was a hopeless one, and it was evident that no permanent consolation could ever again find a lodgment in the bosom of the woman who supposed herself to be Mrs. Randall. The best that was left to her in this world was to hear the sad rites pronounced over her babe, and then to drop gently away into her long last sleep, where, if she be to be judged, she would find that calm repose which a cruel fate denied her so long as she remained on earth.

Mrs. Savareen, it will be remembered, was a pious woman. In such a situation as that in which she now found herself, we may feel sure that she did not omit all reference to the consolations of religion. She poured into the ear of this sore-tried soul a few of those words at which thinkers of the modern school are wont to sneer, but which for eighteen centuries have brought balm to the suffering and the afflicted of every clime. Moreover, she did not neglect to administer consolation of a practical kind. She emptied her purse into the invalid's lap. It contained something like thirty dollars—more money, probably, than Mrs. Randall had ever had before. "Keep it, my dear, for your own use," she said—"it will buy many little comforts for you and baby. No, I will not take any of it back. I am comfortable, and shall not want it." Then, with a final embrace, and a few hurried words of farewell, she stepped to the bedside and imprinted a kiss on the cheek of the little waif lying there, unconscious of the world of sin and sorrow in which it held so precarious a dwelling place. Her mission was at an end. She slowly passed from the room, closing the door behind her.

CHAPTER XII.

STILL A MYSTERY.

At the head of the stairway she paused for a moment to collect herself before passing down and out into the street. What she had left behind her was of a nature well fitted to excite emotion, and her bosom rose and fell with a gentle tenderness and pity. But she had learned self control in the school of experience, and her delay was a brief one. Mastering her emotions, she walked steadily down the two flights of stairs, opened the front door for herself, and was just about to cross the threshold when a man entered. The light of the street lamp fell upon his face. It was the face of the man whose mysterious disappearance five years before had created such a profound sensation throughout Western Canada. There was no possibility of mistaking it, though it was greatly changed for the worse. Five years had wrought terrible havoc upon it. The flesh on the left cheek was more conspicuous than of yore, and the features seemed to have settled into a perpetual frown. But, worst of all, the countenance was bloated and besotted. The nose had become bulbous and spongy, the eyes watery and weak. The man's clothes were patched and neat, and presented a general aspect of being desperately out at elbows. His unsteady step indicated that he was at least half drunk at that moment. He did not see, or at any rate did not take any notice of the woman who gazed into his face so intently. As he staggered on his way upstairs he stumbled and narrowly escaped falling. Could it be possible that this disreputable object was the man whom she had once loved as her husband? She shuddered as she passed out on to the pavement. Truly, his sin had found him out.

She had no difficulty in finding her way back to the hotel, without asking questions of anybody. Upon reaching it she conferred for a moment with the office clerk, and then passed up to a small general sitting-room where she found her husband. The old gentleman was beginning to be anxious at her long absence.

"Well, father, I find there is an express for Sussexville Bridge at midnight. I think we had better take it. It is now half past ten. I have learned all I wanted to know, and there is no use for us to stay here on account. But perhaps you are tired, and would like a night's rest."

"Found out all you wanted to know? Do you mean to say you have seen him?"

"Yes, and I never wish to see or hear of him again in this world. Don't question me now. I will tell you all before we get home, and then that I hope you will never mention his name in my presence. When shall we start?"

Finding her really anxious to be gone, the old man assented to her proposition, and they started on their way homeward by the midnight train. They reached Millbrook in due course, the father having meanwhile been informed of all that his daughter had to tell him. Savareen's disappearance remained as profound a mystery to them as ever, but they had at separate been made clear that he had absconded of his own free will, and that in doing so he must have exercised a good deal of shrewdness and cunning.

The question as to how far it was advisable to take the public into their confidence exercised the judgment of both the father and daughter. The conclusion arrived at was that as little as possible should be said about the matter, their errand to New York was already known, and could not be wholly ignored. The fact of Savareen's existence would have to be admitted. It would inevitably be discovered by the *Sentinel*, and the record would be transferred to the columns of other newspapers. The subject would be discussed among the local newspapers, and the excitement of five years since would to some extent be revived. All this must naturally be expected, and would have to be endured as best it might. But it was resolved that people should not be encouraged to ask questions, and that they should be made to understand that the topic was not an agreeable one to persons immediately concerned. It might reasonably be hoped that gossip would sooner or later wear itself out. For the sake of peace it would be desirable for Mrs. Savareen to keep within doors, and to hold as little communication with her neighbors as possible.

This programme was strictly adhered to, and everything turned out precisely as had been expected. Mr. Haskins reached Millbrook on his way home to Tennessee within a day or two after the return of father and daughter from New York. He was informed by the latter that the affair was a very painful one, and that the family wished to suppress all talk about the affair as far as possible. He took the hint, and departed on his way homeward, without seeking to probe further into matters in which he had no personal concern.

It was hardly to be supposed, however, that the local population would show equal forbearance. Curiosity was widespread, and was not to be suppressed from a mere sentiment of delicacy. No sooner did it become known that the father and daughter had returned than the former was importuned by numerous friends and acquaintances to disclose the result of his journey. He no doubt yielded to these importunities as to admit that the missing man was living in the States under an assumed name, but he added that neither his daughter nor himself was inclined to talk about the matter. He said, in effect: "My daughter's burden is a heavy one to bear, and any one who has any consideration for either her or me will never mention the matter in the presence of either of us. Anyone who does so will thereby forfeit all right to be regarded as a friend or well-wisher." This did not silence gossiping tongues, but it at least prevented them from propounding their questions directly to himself. He was promptly interviewed by the editor of the *Sentinel*, who received exactly the same information as other people, and no more. The next number of the paper contained a leading article on the subject, in which the silence of Mrs. Savareen and her father was animadverted upon. The public, it was said, were entitled to be told all that there was to tell. Savareen's disappearance had long since become public property, and the family were not justified in withholding any information which might tend to throw light on that dark subject. This article was freely copied by other papers, and for several weeks the topic was kept conspicuously before the little world of western Canada. Nowhere was the interest in the subject more keenly manifested than at the Royal Oak, where it furnished the theme of frequent and all-but-interminable discussion. Not a day passed but mine host Lapierre publicly congratulated himself upon his acumen in having all along believed and declared that Savareen was still in the land of the living. The landlord shared the prevalent opinion that the family should be more communicative. "I haf always," said he, "peen a coot frient to Mrs. Safareen. I respect her fery mooch, put I think she might let us hev somethings more apout her discoferies in New York." Scores of other persons harped to the same monotonous tune. But the father and daughter submitted this as to a necessary penalty of their situation, and by degrees the excitement quieted down. I am not prepared to say whether the stepmother received further enlightenment than other people, but if she did she kept her tongue between her teeth like a sensible woman. I hope Mrs. Savareen herself, she consistently refrained from speaking on the subject to anyone, and even the most inveterate gossips showed sufficient respect for her feelings to ask her no questions. She held the even tenor of her way, doing her work and maintaining herself as usual, but she lived a secluded life, and was seldom seen outside her own house.

Thus, several months passed away without the occurrence of any event worthy of being recorded. The mystery of Savareen's disappearance remained a mystery still. But the time was approaching when all that had so long been dark was to be made clear, and when the strange problem of five years before was to be solved.

(To be Continued.)

They Divvied Up.

A singular struggle took place between a man and a boy in front of a jewelry store on occasion of a pocket-book which the latter had picked up on the street. While the woman was examining it the man grabbed one end of it.

"Leggo," cried the woman.

"I won't," said the man. "It's as much mine as yours."

"Is ain't yours, is it?"

"Dunno; mebbe 'tis. I lose a pocket-book every day of my life."

"You wouldn't a thought of it if you hadn't seen me find it."

"Yes I would. I was coming across the street to find it myself."

"Oh, you were! (scornfully). Why didn't you get here sooner?

"I was kept by a man who wanted to talk with me about the tariff."

"Well, I didn't talk with no man. I was right on hand, and so I found the pocket-book first. Leggo, I say."

"You picked it up but I seen it first. I seen it when I turned the corner, and if I hadn't been stopped I'd have picked it up. Gimit to me!"

A bystander, in the interest of peace, suggested that they divide the contents, but when it was counted it was found to contain nothing but two canceled postage stamps and a bogus nickel with a hole in it, both dropped it with disgust and beat a retreat.

An Objection to Electricity.

Jones—I don't believe in executing criminals by electricity.

Smith—What's your objection?

"You can no matter how willing a man may be to die, if he is executed by electricity he can't be said any more to die of his own free will and a cord."

Distance Lends Enchantment.

"Yes sir," resumed the Dakota man, as a crowd of agriculturists seated themselves around the table—"yes, sir, we do things on rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plough a furrow until fall. Then he turned around and harvested back. We have some big farms up there gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give four carriages, and the reapers were due on one end before they could get it recorded on the other. You see, it was laid off in counties."

There was a moment of astonishment, and the Dakota man continued:

"Just before I left home I got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard, and it had been lying in my orchard for a boarding house, although it had traveled night and day."

"Distances are pretty wide up there, ain't they?" inquired one.

"Reasonably, reasonably," replied the Dakota man. "And the worst of it is," it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief—women yelling, children howling, and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp-truck packed on seven four-mule teams, and he was around bidding everybody good-bye."

"Where was he going?" asked the listener.

"He was going half-way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

Good Old Fishwives.

Mr. J—W—, the founder of many benevolent institutions and movements for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, was walking down Renfield street the other day. As he passed two young West-enders, one remarked to the other:

"There goes Mr. W—, the philanthropist."

The observation was overheard by two fishwives conversing together on the kerb. They looked after the retreating form of the good old gentleman, with mouths agape.

"Great guidness," said No. 1, lifting her hands in horror; "what kind of a fish he look at him! Just fancy at the polis gein' him leeberty that way. It's no canny—so it's no!"

Then No. 2 came away with this:

"The auld, wicked creature! horror! Mony a yin has been shot for less."

It would have been interesting, but perhaps not altogether edifying, to have speaked with these elderly piscatorial vendors understood by the word "philanthropy." It is certain that neither of them will ever encounter the gentleman in question without a shudder.

Wanted Him for a Partner.

"Rebecca, you shall not shpeak mit dot Moses Levi vonce more."

"Oh, fadder, you preak mine heardt. Ve vos almost engaged. Y'shall not shpeak of him."

"He hat sheated me. He hat sold me a paste diamond for a sheenine shtone."

"Oh, fadder, dot shouldt recommend him to you as a son-in-law. If he can fool a vise man like you, see vat a fortune he haf in der chewelry pizness."

"Rebecca, you vas schmarder as I thought. Get married ven you like. I am ankchious to go into bardnership with mine son in-law!"

Mary Didn't Mind.

"Mary, I wish you would be a better little girl," said a father we wot of to his little girl. "You have no idea how sorry I am that mamma has to scold you so much."

"Oh, don't worry about it, papa," was the reply. "I'm not one of those sensitive children. Half the time I don't hear what she says."

The Greatest Nation!

"Look here, Brinsley," cried Bill Marston, an excellent joker and unsurpassed at setting guesses, "can you tell me what is the greatest nation in the world?"

Brinsley struck an attitude and set to rubbing his stubble-covered chin as if by that action he could bring some of his undoubted, though as yet undiscovered, genius to bear on the question. He chewed his waterfall—excuse us, his mustache; screwed his eyes on at full power, while his hair began perceptibly to rise on end in his endeavors to solve that question. But alas! he failed, and when he fully realized the fact he brought his hand down on his knee in a decided way, and said:

"Blode if I can tell you, Bill."

"Why, it's vaccination, don't ye see," said Marston, triumphantly, "it's always in arms, and over a very little matter."

It Wasn't Loaded.

A very savage-looking personage, wearing the garb of a militia sergeant, entered one of our street cars the other day, and with a *nonchalant* air, seated himself beside a heavily-spectacled old gentleman.

This old gentleman now became "fidgety" and restless, and from time to time looked askance at a rifle which the sergeant was holding in a very unsafe position.

"I hope your rifle isn't loaded," remarked the gentleman at length; "for with this rumbling it might go off."

The sergeant glanced at him fiercely, and then replied:

"No it isn't loaded; and if it did go off it wouldn't hit you."

"That's one blessing," sighed the old gentleman. "But I was thinking of the poor passengers on the roof."

Garrulus Senex.

A garrulous old maid was defendant in an action which Mr. Blackstone was conducting on the defence. He was trying to save her from entangling herself in the cross-examination of the opposite lawyer, and interrupted several times. She thought Mr. Grant was interfering with her, and asked at last, angrily:

"Can't you let me alone? Am I not old enough to speak for myself?"

"Too old, perhaps," replied the lawyer, sharply. "You know the proverb, 'Old age is garrulous.'"

The Book Said "Exit."

Amateur actress (rehearsing)—You must not say "exit" when you retire from the stage, Mr. Sissy.

Amateur actor (triumphantly showing her the book)—That's what the book says, Miss Gushington.

Amateur actress (convinced)—Why, so it does!

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Kissing in a Railway Carriage.

"If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you you shall have five thousand, and I am a man of my word."

So spoke Mr. George Finiker, Drysalter and Common Councilman of the City of London, to Winifred, his widowed sister-in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary assistance about three months after the death of his younger brother Francis, her husband. There was harshness and stubborn determination in his reply, but there was no niggard cruelty. Mrs. Francis wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the great wealth of this relative of hers by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary. Mr. George said "legitimate"—purpose, but not sufficient to send her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the univer-sity, as it was the maternal wish to do. Mr. George had much genteel intentions; Christ' Hospital had been a fashionable enough school for him, and he had "finished off" as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable house of which he was now the senior partner.

With the results of that education, as exemplified by himself, he was perfectly well satisfied; and if his nephews only turned out half as well, their mother, he thought, might think herself uncommonly lucky. Her family had given themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Francis—"allying herself with commerce"—some of them called it, and George had never forgiven them. He gloried in his own profession, although Government had never seen fit to ennoble any member of it, and perhaps all the more on that account; for he was one of those Radicals who are not snobs at heart, but rather aristocrats. He honestly believed that noblemen and gentlemen were the lower orders, and those who toiled and strove, the upper crust of the human pie. When he was told that the former classes often toiled and strove in their own way as much as the others, he made a gesture of contempt, and blew like an exasperated whale. It was a vulgar sort of retort, of course, but so eminently expressive that his opponent rarely pursued the subject any farther.

He was fond of his sister-in-law, in spite of her aristocratic birth, and would doubtless have largely assisted her, had she consented to bring up her children according to his views; but since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of one another. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had much too strong a sense of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age, as Francis had done (in youth he had had no time for such follies), and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephew and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future.

In the present, however, as time went on, and the education of her boy and girls grew more expensive, Mrs. Francis's income became greatly straitened. Her own family much applauded the expensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with regard to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny.

The young gentleman at Cambridge was, therefore, kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewelry. Their pin-money was limited, and they made their own clothes at home with the help of a sewing machine. If Uncle George could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened towards them; but as I have said, they now never had that chance.

Julia, the elder, was but six years old when he called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair; now she was sixteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had, of course, grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his bright head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and indeed nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it. His countenance was not so much human as lignous; and his profile Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a certain knobby tree in the lime-walk of Clare Hall at Cambridge, much more like than any silhouette cut out of black paper. They had laughed at the old gentleman in early days, and snapped their fingers at his churlishness; but it had become no laughing matter now.

That remark of Uncle George's, "If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you you shall have five thousand, and I am a man of my word," had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family, if not to poverty, at least to very urgent want. What it meant, of course, was that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies made Uncle George slippers and book-markers for his birthday, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in highly-scented envelopes. In vain Jack sent him at the beginning of every term a pound of the most excellent snuff that could be procured. He always sent back a civil acknowledgemnt, in a clear and clerkly letter, but there was never any enclosure.

When Mrs. Francis asked him to dinner he declined in a caustic manner—avowing that he did not feel comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West-end, and sent her a pine-apple of his own growing for the dessert. He had really no ill-feeling towards his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them, but this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humor. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for "making it up" with his sister-in-law within the first year or two of their falling out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach that it was not to be easily repaired. What he had satirically written when he declined her invitation had grown to be true. He rarely went into society and hardly ever into the presence of ladies, the portion of whom he considered frivolous and vexatious and the younger positively dangerous. He had a few old bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading and see "the Old Year out and the New Year in," in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in those schooldays that had passed away more than half-a-century. Tom and Francis had even been greater cronies as boys than Tom and George, but the latter did not like Tom the less on that account; secretly I think, he esteemed him the more highly as a link between him and that reckless family whose very existence he still chose to ignore. Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit, and could act as their hostess. But this never happened in the last week of the year. Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

So on December 31, last, Mr. George Finiker found himself, as usual, at the Paddington Station, looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having attained that object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several rugs, with his feet upon a foot-warmer, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable—when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes upon.

"Madam, this carriage is engaged," growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag, and books, which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance.

"Only engaged to you, I think, sir," replied the charmer, flippantly. "Happy carriage! I wish I was. Isn't that pretty?"

Mr. Finiker had never heard anything half so shocking said to him in all his life; and if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time, his heart sank within him at the reflection that the train did not stop until he reached his destination—Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Perhaps she was out of her mind—and at this idea Mr. George Finiker turned cold, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a profuse perspiration.

"Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you old polar bear," asked the fair stranger, playfully, as the train flew by Ealing.

"Nothing, madam, I am astonished at you," answered Mr. Finiker, looking anxiously round the carriage, in the hope of finding one of those inventions for affording communication with the guard.

"Well then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honors," continued the young lady, with a peal of silvery laughter; and with that she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his wraps, or ward her off with his muffetees, she had imprinted a kiss upon his cheek.

Mr. Finiker's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault, that he remained speechless; but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in its life.

"Oh no, I am not mad," laughed she, in reply to it, "although I have taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now, come; if I kiss you again, what will you give me?"

"I shall give you in charge of the police, madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading."

"Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?"

"For an assault, madam; yes, for an assault. Don't you know you have no right to kiss people in this manner, without their consent?"

Here the young lady laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes.

"Do you suppose, you poor old doting creature, that anybody will ever believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking-glass, you poor dear? Are you aware how very unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, when you are now doing in a manner that is enough to frighten anyone? You have, of course, a perfect right to your own opinion, but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you are very much mistaken. The idea of anybody wanting to kiss you will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous."

"What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?" cried the old bachelor, in an agony of baffled rage.

"I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who could scarcely expect to be so favored, surely it is worth—what shall I say?—five pounds. What! not so much? Well, here's another for your other cheek."

Like a flash of lightning she suited the action to the word.

"There, then, five pounds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less. You will have to give it to the poor-box at the next station, if not to me; for I intend, in case you are obstinate, to complain of your disgraceful conduct to the guard at the first opportunity. I shall give you into custody, sir, as sure as you are alive; you will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that I kissed you and not you me. What roars of laughter there will be in court, and how funny it will all look in the papers!" Here the young lady began to laugh again, as if she had already read it there.

"Well?"

Mr. Finiker's grim sense of humor was as usual, accompanied by a keen dislike of appearing ridiculous. True, he hated to be imposed upon; still, of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds than to be made the laughing-stock of his bachelor friends, who were not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind? In short, Mr. Finiker paid the money.

Mr. Thomas Whaffles found his guest that evening anything but talkative. There was a select party in the house, invited to meet him, by whom the rich old drysalter was regarded as an oracle; but upon this occasion he had of nothing to say. The consciousness of having been "done" oppressed him.

His lips were tightly sealed, his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon them; his fingers clutched the pocket-book in which there was a five-pound note less than there ought to have been. But when his host and himself were left alone that night, "seeing the Old Year out, and the New Year in," his heart began to thaw under the genial influences of friendship and milk-punch, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles, not without some enjoyment of his own mischance.

"I could really almost forgive the jade," said he, "for having taken me in so cleverly. I daresay, however, she makes quite a profession of it, and that half-a-dozen score of old gentlemen have before now been coerced into ransoming their good name, as I did. And yet she was as modest and lady-like a girl as you ever saw."

"Was she anything like this?" inquired Mr. Whaffles, producing a photograph.

"Why, that's the very girl," exclaimed the guest. "Ha, ha, Tom! So you too have been one of her victims, have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her very well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother, too. I can introduce you to her, if you like. There's not the least harm in her; bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun."

"A bit of fun," cried Mr. Finiker, why, she got a five-pound note out of me."

"But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. Would you like to see her again? Come—yes, or no."

"If she will give me back my money, yes."

"Very well," returned the host; "mind you asked for her yourself," and he rang the bell pretty sharply twice.

"Here she is; it's your niece, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under this very roof."

"Yes, uncle," said the young lady, demurely. "here is your five-pound note; please to give me that five thousand which you promised mamma if ever she or hers got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word, I know. But what would be better still, let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece, and let us all love you as we want to do. 'Kissing in a Railway Carriage' is a fearful thing, I admit; but I think you forgive me—come."

"There go the church bells," cried Tom Whaffles. "It is the New Year, and a fitting time to forget old enmities. Give your uncle a kiss, child!"

Uncle George made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquered; and between ourselves, although he made no favorites among his newly-recognized relatives, but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked his niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one perhaps had regretted more at heart than Uncle George himself.

"Where Ignorance is Bliss."

You would not smile, oh fair coquette,
Across the curo-stone tripping,
Sk'rt tilted to avoid the wet,
Small feet so gay'ly skipping;

You would not glance to left and r'ght,
Eyes filled with bright elation,
And moist red lips, hair dark as night,
To challenge admiration;

You would not smile, O thing of glee,
Maid saucy, bold and mocking,
Did you but know we all could see
Two great holes in your stocking.

The Result Came.

"What are you doing here!" asked a policeman of a colored man who had his eye glued to a knothole in an alley fence on the Brush farm the other morning.

"Waitin', sah."

"For what?"

"Results."

"What results?"

"Man sent me up to whitewash de kitchen ceilin'. Woman said she'd do de job herself an' save fo' bits."

"Well?"

"She's mixed the liquid, sah, and, hunted up an old brush wid about fo'teen ha'rs in it. Now she's gittin' ready. She tied an apron ober her head, stuck a broom handle into de brush, an' is luggin' de pail into de house. Now de hired gal is puttin' all de chairs out doahs."

"Anything else?" asked the officer after a long wait.

"Jist a minute, sah; de results ar' almost heah."

And the minute went by, and then there was a wild yell from the house, followed by a crash, and the man at the knot hole chuckled.

"Jist like I figgered! De woman appears. Boaf eyes ar' full of lime, an' when she fell off de cha'r she almost busted ebery bone in her body. Now de hired gal has come out. Now de woman in the nex' house runs in. Now de victim sots down on a box an' dey ar' rubbin' her eyes wid a rag. Now de hired gal runs into de house to ring up the police an' de fire engines an' de doctors, an'—

"And what?"

"I'll call agin arter dinner an' day'll welcome me wid hostile arms and give me de fo' bits an' frow in an ole suit of clothes."

T-T-oo M-M-uch P-Pudding.

Charles Lamb came, one afternoon a week, from Islington to Highgate to see Coleridge, and the dinner was always arranged so that it was well over before the return stage coach arrived at the door. On one occasion something had interrupted the dinner; Lamb was not ready for the coach, and got into it with his mouth full. As he did so, a woman came up and said: "Is there any room inside?" "No, m-my g-good woman," answered Lamb, "that last p-piece of p-pudding filled up every chink."

He Was No Hypocrite.

Wife (to husband in the grocery business)—John, I wish that you would join the church and become a Christian. You promised me you would.

Husband—I know I did, Maria, and I will; but I've got to work off that stock of maple sugar first. I'm no hypocrite.

Emulation.

Little Tommy Roach, who has great genius, and may be a comic artist some day, has been told Benjamin West made a brush from the hair of a cat's tail. Thomas succeeds in making a brush, but the cat lost all enthusiasm.

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To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

Our Soldiers.

Captain Clark of Guelph, and his "Daughters of the Regiment," etc., etc., went through some beautiful and intricate movements in the Mutual street rink the other day. The thoughtful observer must have been reminded of the fact that much of our soldiering, both in the imperial and volunteer service, teaches practically little more than "fancy drill."

Whilst we are unable to give the young soldiers, of two or three years' service, the steady nerves and the hardened muscles which he will have some six or seven years later, we can, to a certain extent, make him a veteran by giving him perpetual practice, in peace, of the work which he will have to do in time of war.

We cannot give him all the experiences of active service—the whistling of bullets, the crashing of shells, and the sight of friends killed and wounded—these, of course, cannot be simulated, but it is quite possible to give the young soldier such instruction that all the phases of action will be familiar to him, and that he will instinctively know the right course to pursue under different circumstances. When actual fighting was conducted in stiff lines or heavy columns the regular drill which goes on in the barrack yard was undoubtedly a valuable training for war, but the case is altered now, and that nation is badly handicapped which does not adapt its military training to the requirements of war.

If the young soldier's time is principally consumed in learning drills which absolutely disappear in actual warfare, he is not being actually trained for war, but only the semblance of it; so that the first time he stands face to face with the enemy, everything will be comparatively new to him. To the effect on the nerves produced by the "ping" of bullets and the sight of wounds and death, we deliberately saddle him with the confusion of having to perform movements to which he is unaccustomed, or at least little accustomed; and by such training we are deliberately unfitting him to be steady on the field of action. It is said, and with justice, that the best training for the soldier, and that which soonest turns the recruit into a veteran, is the actual practice of war. Let us then to the best of our power, make our peace training as like that of war as is possible. By this means we shall soonest ingraft the qualities of old soldiers upon those of young ones, and shall have done all that in us lies to combine the fire and dash of youth with the steadiness of the trained veteran in war.

Awake! City Commissioner, Awake!

With the rapid extension of the city limits has increased the sphere of the City Commissioner's labors. With the production of every new Directory appears further evidence of the advisability of dividing up the work which now presses heavily on the shoulders of City Commissioner Coatsworth. Sufficient evidence, however, can always be found in our daily walks to prove that some one is wanting in knowledge of the duties of true citizenship. In nothing is this objectionable feature so marked as in the contemptuous neglect which householders and passengers on various streets have to put up with at the hands of builders and contractors. Whilst we all rejoice to see the builder at work, and to hear the merry clink of the trowels tell us that times are good and the demand for new structures is increasing, we are constrained to call the attention of the City Fathers to the shameful manner in which builders and contractors are permitted year in and year out to obstruct the pathways and mar the beauty of what would otherwise be pleasant thoroughfares. Mr. Coatsworth and others, naturally enough, object to general charges, and crave for something more specific, and SATURDAY NIGHT now calls the City Commisioner's attention to the north side of St. James' avenue, a little east of Rose avenue, as a case in point. It is no exaggeration to say that the sidewalk and boulevard at this point has been cumbered for more than two years with lumber, bricks and the accumulated filth engendered by the hauling of sand from the lots for months past. This state of affairs continued up to last fall, when building operations were commenced and carried to a finish. The buildings are finished, as far as bricks and mortar are concerned, the plasterers have done their work and yet the boulevard remains uncleared to this day. True, the pile of bricks is nothing nearly so large as it has been. Equally true is it that an hour's work would clear the whole lot off and remove this element of unsightliness and mud and dust from the gaze and the boots of the unoffending passer-by. Mr. Coatsworth has driven past—only occasionally, it may be—this spot during the past two years, but Mr. Coatsworth has failed to grasp the situation, and the owner and builder of the lot in question, unremonstrated with, has evidently failed to take the public comfort and the duties which are entailed by citizenship into consideration. The case alluded to is only one of many. Doubtless there are numerous streets in other parts of the city whose passengers have equal cause for complaint. Awake! Mr. City Commissioner, awake!

Canadian Audiences.

Our audiences in Toronto and elsewhere in Ontario, whilst not proverbially ill-behaved, have much to learn, or, rather, practice, before the millennium of good behavior shall have dawned. On the boats, in the street cars and other places our people are thoroughly courteous in bearing towards all. But, as a people, the mantle of courtesy drops from our shoulders the moment we pass the portal of a public or sacred edifice. In the theatre the high bonnet or hat nourishes secret wrath in the heart of the individual in the rear seat against the woman in front. There is the young man city bred, as well as his *confrere* from the back townships, who likes to make the thrilling promenade between the front seats and the door at the close of each act, and who always will persist in coming in after the curtain has been rung up. This young man should be spoken to. He should be reasoned with, and, if the latter is of no avail, should be promptly informed that hereafter his place in the synagogue will know him no more. But, say some, these are the offences of people who are as yet not sufficiently accustomed to the manners of gentle life, and the time will come when they will acquire more acceptable habits. Would that we could be assured that old age will not creep over us in the meantime.

But what shall be said in extenuation of the great public which rises as one man (women are included, for the greater includes the lesser) before the black curtain has descended? If players are bound in every way to study the proprieties in their efforts to please the patrons of the house, surely these latter have duties which fall to their share, and which it behoves them to discharge with equal exactness. To many people the arranging of cloaks and hoods, etc., whilst the National Anthem is being played is most distasteful. But this is not such a glaring rudeness as the general scramble for hats which invariably precedes the conclusion of the last act. Two minutes of self-restraint is the present insurmountable barrier between our audiences and good breeding.

So much for our good behavior in secular places. In the sacred edifice we are woefully behind the times, or rather, we are only too well in advance of them. The nod of greeting across the pews, prior to the commencement of the service, is odious to the spiritually minded. It is a comely and a pleasant sight to witness the greetings of friends passing down the aisles, after service is over, for this is the proper season for such interchanges. Opinions on the sermon and service are given and taken, inquiries are made after absent ones from the family pew, and other matters of mutual interest, but the interchange of such civilities and personal recognitions should be relegated to the close of the service. Men of the world are often the most decorous in their behavior during church service. Nor is this hypocrisy on their part. It is merely the outcome of that innate regard for the proprieties of time, place and self-containment which are essential features in the highest breeding. There is nothing incompatible in the attitude of robust manhood on the street, and the reverent, decorous bearing when before the altar or communion-table. The earnest Christian should at least be as reverent in bearing as the man of the world in the House dedicated to the Head of the Church.

Wild White Lilies.

For Saturday Night.

Wild white lilies in the woodlands grow,
Beautiful lilies whose petals of snow
Tremble and shake in the tender wealth
Of zephyrs that wing past the trees by stealth.

Frail white lilies in draperies green,
That make their soft purity purer seem,
Tenderly bend each sweet spotless face,
Wrought by the hand of His matchless grace.

Pale pure lilies! like love's notes of pow'r,
Ringing heart changes at twilight's weird hour,
So ring their bells, though fragile and white,
God's mystic messages from heaven so bright.

Sweet wild lilies, whose white petals pure
Tell of the Trinity blessed and sure,
Tell of white robes, and a victory won
After life's work and its battles are done.

PICTON, ONT. CORA DELMAYDE.

Brutal Policemen in Russia.

I shall never forget the first brutal exhibition of the kind I witnessed on Russian soil. It was on the docks at Baku. As the little Caspian steamer moved up to the wharf a swarm of ragged porters were seen struggling for position where they could pounce on the passengers' baggage. Gaunt, hungry looking and clad in rags, they seemed like the very offscouring of the world. Standing out in bold relief against them were a number of burly policemen. The chief duty of the latter seemed to be to abuse the former, which they did in a most unwarrantable manner.

The bluecoats did no artistic and finished tapping with the locusts, like the members of the Broadway squad, but they struck the poor, half-starved wretches squarely in the face with clenched fist and kicked them in the stomachs. The burly policemen seemed to take a wanton pride in smashing the poor, ragged devils in the face and in kicking them in dangerous places with their heavy topboots. As a picture of brute force unbridled, gloating over defenceless victims, it beats anything I ever saw.

It seems incredible to an Anglo-Saxon that human beings could ever be so thoroughly crushed and cowed as to submit meekly to such inexcusable brutality as the lower class Russians do. One after another the wretched victims of police brutality would go limping away, lamed or doubled up by a kick, and faces often streaming with blood. Our Russian passengers paid no sort of attention to the scene. Only in the breasts of two persons present, in all that crowd, was aroused any sentiment of pity or condemnation, so far as could be seen on the surface. These two exceptions were an English war correspondent and myself.—*Thomas Stevens' Letter.*

Midnight Mass and Easter Morn in St. Petersburg.

I arrived in the Russian capital in time to take part in the most characteristically Russian and Eastern church ceremony in the whole year—Easter Eve according to the Russian calendar. The long fast practiced here with an austerity almost incredible to easy-going Anglicans was drawing to a close. The streets were gay with the white, green, and red of the national flag. All the pastrycooks' windows were full of red Easter eggs, and the white, sour-cream, raisin-speckled compound called the paskha, which occupies the place of honor in the feast with which the good Orthodox broke their fast at an early hour this morning. As the night wore on the streets became rather more instead of less crowded. The isvostchiks with their four-wheeled little carts were dashing about everywhere over the pavement, which is gauged with more murderous stones in St. Petersburg than ever I have bumped over in any other capital in Europe. Only on the Nevski Prospect—that splendid street which, with its electric lamps, stretches like a great beam of white lights for three miles through the heart of the city—is the roadway passably smooth. The air was nipping cold. I had seen the snow wreaths lying still unmelted by the railway side near Gatschina, and there was still a pinch of frost in the air. The sky was beautifully blue, with here and there a star. A few lights gleamed in the windows of the Anitchkoff Palace, whither the Tzar had returned that day from Gatschina; the dvorniki, or house-porters, swathed in huge fur overcoats, kept watch at the house doors. A great stream of people filled the sidewalks, while the roadway was as crowded as Regent street at four o'clock. All was bustle, animation, palpitating life.

Passing the great Kazan Cathedral, which recalls visions of St. Peter's at Rome, and which was crowded to the doors three hours later by an immense crowd of worshippers, I made my way to the Cathedral of St. Isaacs, admission to which had been secured for me by the courtesy of the clerical authorities. There were officers in uniform, ladies in full dress, notables resplendent in decorations—all kept in order with difficulty, but with great good nature, by the soldiers and police. After a great crush, we got through the wicket gate. A moment more and we stood beneath the great dome, whose golden splendor forms one of the most conspicuous landmarks of St. Petersburg. From the gilded gates before the altar a carpet has been spread down the center of the nave. Exactly under the dome on a raised dais or platform stood the table on which lay the full length picture representing our Lord in the grave. On either side blazed an immense number of candles. Men and women of all classes advanced to the picture and reverently kissed it, crossing themselves the while, sometimes once, sometimes twice and sometimes thrice. A few kissed the carpet at the foot of the table. All seemed reverent and devout. A clerk or some such functionary was reading the while from a desk behind, his voice sounding fitfully above the low hum and movement of the multitude. Conspicuous in the throng was the line of young guardsmen, handsome fellows in white uniform. The cathedral was but imperfectly lighted; yet even by the flickering tapers you could discover the massive proportions of the great structure, and see something of the gorgeous splendor of its ornamentation. I had an excellent position, close to the dais under the dome fronting the altar. Immediately before me rose a colossal pillar, one of those supporting the dome, which from its mere immensity and solid grandeur seemed like an architectural reminiscence of the Roman Empire, looming up huge and strong from the misty past. The marble pavement was barely visible beneath the feet of the great company. But for the uniforms, which were Russian, the gathering might have been mistaken for an English congregation. The faces, the dresses—both of men and women—were much more English than any I had seen either in Paris or Berlin. Then after a while they began to light the candles which burn before the great pictures. The pillars of green malachite supporting the screen, the blue columns of lapis lazuli on either side of the gilded gates that concealed the altar, formed an imperial frame for the singularly beautiful modern picture of Jesus of Nazareth and his mother Mary with her child—both fortunately with no other halo than that of their intrinsic beauty. On either side were colossal mosaics of haloed saints—St. Isaacs of Dalmatia, after whom the cathedral is named, and St. Nicholas, favorite of Russian saints, on the left; on the right, St. Alexander Nevsky, the warrior King, and St. Catherine and her wheel. Above the gates was a group in silver, dimly visible, of our Lord and His angels; higher up, again, a picture of the Lord's Supper. All the while people were crowding into the cathedral, until at last it seemed as if no more standing room remained. Then suddenly the monotonous sound of the reader's voice was hushed in a great burst of song from the choir, which stood arrayed in blue and yellow vestments before the altar. The gates opened, and beyond a blaze of innumerable candles was visible above the altar the gigantic figure of our risen Lord in the great eastern window. After a time the gates closed again, but still the singing continued. Then came a procession of banners, preceded by a curious lamp and cross which passed down the nave to the far end of the church. I was subsequently told that the significance of the departure of the procession is on this wise: The procession is supposed to symbolize the disciples who came to our Lord's tomb. They come to where His body lay, and finding it not, go to seek for it. They go down the cathedral, then pass around it asking everywhere, "Have you seen Him; have you seen Him?" and acting in a more or less realistic fashion the search for Christ. Then at last they come back to where the body lay on the dais, and they ask, "Where is He?" And then comes the reply, "He is not here. He is risen!" After which the choir bursts forth into song, chanting the anthem of "The Resurrection."

What followed I cannot even attempt to describe. I am no adept at ecclesiastical ceremonies. Even the sober ritual of the Anglican Church has ever been repugnant to my Puritan instincts; the Roman ritual I have never seen. I am more at home in a Quaker's meeting house than in a stately Cathedral. The service was, therefore, to me utterly unintelligible, and the marchings and the countermarchings, the chants and the responses, the censing and the genuflexions, were so numerous, so complex, as frequently to puzzle even the well-trained priests, who stood in need of occasional prompting as to their role. All that remains on my retina is a confused splendor of long-haired men in shining raiment, stiff with silver and gold, wearing wondrous headgear, crusted with jewels, chanting in an unknown tongue the praises of their God. First of all, the table with the picture of Christ in the grave was removed, carried on the heads of two priests to the altar, the congregation crossing itself the while. Then came down a gorgeous procession of ecclesiastics, swinging censers of incense and candles innumerable, who, after various evolutions, marched finally down the nave to the other end of the cathedral. The choir assembled on the dais. Before this, however, I should have mentioned what was perhaps the strangest sight of all—the lighting of the candles, and the most suggestive, dating, as it does, from a time when the early Christians met in catacombs and had to worship each by the light of his own lamp. Nearly every person in the cathedral had a white taper. Before the procession started down the nave these tapers were lighted. Imagine St. Paul's at midnight filled with an immense concourse, and place in the hand of every other man and woman a lighted candle, and you may form some idea, but a very faint idea, of the scene in St. Isaacs. For St. Paul's in the interior is as bare as a barn compared with the Russian cathedral. When the whole human pavement of the cathedral was thus illuminated, came the lights of the great candelabra pendant from the roof. A long cotton thread hung down from each. It was lighted, and suddenly a red flame was seen running upwards to the candles. These candles are all connected by similar threads, and the light traveled from wick to wick, lighting every candle. I did not see one missed, and the whole illumination was completed in about as short a time as I have taken to tell it. But after the candelabra were all ablaze, the red flame from the burning thread continued to mount higher and higher into the vast and misty recesses of the great dome. Still it went upwards and upwards, climbing like a small red star to the infinite. Suddenly it stopped, and lo! from where it stopped a circle of living fire began to run along, until the dome was circled with a ring of flaming gas jets, which from the immense height seemed to flicker dim and small.

Then came back the procession. The long-haired men with shining garments of silver embroidery, with the jewelled crosses and strange enamelled head-gear, grouped themselves upon the dais, and then the choir began to sing. They sang for nearly two hours with but brief interludes. The burden of their song was "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!" And thereon there was much crossing and bowing in the great congregation, the movement of so many hands in the candlelight being indeed strange to see. The voices of the boys were sweet, the men's were strong and deep—deeper, indeed, than can be heard anywhere outside a Russian church. It was a weird scene. Ever and anon the long-haired priests, habited in stiff and rustling vestments, would take a censer of incense and march down to the altar swinging their censers the while, and then return, only to have the same ceremony repeated by another two, so on almost *ad infinitum*. Occasionally the choir would cease their singing, and in deep guttural a black-bearded priest would chant some verses, to which another would respond, and then again the choir would break out into the richest and liveliest song. For nearly an hour or more I should think the chief figure in the procession—who took the place of the Metropolitan, who was absent—stood in the centre of the dais, making signs from time to time, but otherwise remaining motionless, save when he wiped his face; for his jewelled crown seemed to be very heavy, and the air of the Cathedral was thick with incense and warm with the heat of innumerable tapers. It seemed as if the singing would never end. The incense in the censers burned out and they had to be replaced. It was no doubt all very beautiful and suggestive to those who understood it. To me, alas! being one of those whom the moujik describes as the nemitz, or the dumb, because they understand not Russian, it was utterly unintelligible.

About two o'clock the first part of the service was over. The procession marched down to the altar, the music ceased, and then the second service of the mass began. I left the Cathedral, but outside the scene was almost as strange as within. For all round the sacred building, on all the steps, were displayed long rows of paschkas and coltichies, the heaps of clotted cream and currant cake adorned with wall paper flowers, and illuminated with tapers. The owners of the cakes sat behind their goods, waiting for them to be blessed by a priest. The lanes of light round the Cathedral, the bright colored decorations, the dense crowd, made a very vivid picture. Overhead a cross of brilliant gas flared outside the eastern window, and still higher, on the Cathedral towers, fires blazed in the brazen urns. And over all the stir and movement of the crowd, in the midst of which a gendarme's horse was prancing and curvetting restlessly, was audible a soft deep rich note of music as of a distant organ peal. It was the peal of the bells, far different from the riotous jubilant music of our English bells, more solemn and soft and sad, like the undertone of mournful melody which is never absent from Turgenieff's novels.

Lord Justice Clerk, one of the Lords of Session in Scotland in the beginning of this century, was a strange, rough, gruff judge. He used to take sketches of people in court with a pen and ink. One day he asked the usher, "Who's that man yonder?" "That's the plaintiff, my lord." "Oh, he's the plaintiff, is he? He's a queer-looking fellow; I think I'll decide against him and see how he'll look."

On Divers Strings

Unguessed.

For Saturday Night.

The day is warm and fair;
The early summer air
Is resting in the overhanging trees,
And at our feet there leaves
The undulating waves
That wash the shores and fret the sands of many azure seas.

Beneath this tangled bower
We've idled many an hour
And tossed away too many tender days—
I quite content in love
To watch your face above
The netted couch, in which you lie, that softly floats and sways.

Did young Apollo wear
A face than yours more fair,
More purely blonde, in beauty more complete?
Beloved, will not you
Unclose those eyes of blue
That hold my world and bliss and curse the life they render sweet?

I wonder how you rest
So calmly, when my breast
Is tortured by the efforts that I make
To strangle love and keep
His sulgir from my cheek,
To still the passion in my heart just for our friendship's sake.

But perfect calm still lies
Within your sleeping eyes,
O'ervelled by lids that soft betoken rest.
Your lips serenely close
In undisturbed repose,
Nor tremble with the gentle, peaceful heaving of your breast.

Ah! well it is for me
That you, sweet, cannot see
Within my heart so tyrannized by love.
Ah! well it is for you
My friendship you deem true,
Nor know how false the friend that bends your sleeping form above.

Some stranger far and lone,
By you unseen, unknown,
Could give you calmer fondness in my stead,
For I have drunk the wine
Distilled from Love's wild vine,
And reeling with its subtle fumes I strike our friendship dead.

BRANTFORD, June, 1888. E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

The Terrors of Civilization.

The Injuns never teched him,
Nor the b'ars;
An' the rattlers never bit him,
An' the train robbers couldn't git him
On the cars.
'Twas a frigid day, an' drizzly,
When the Rocky Mountain grizzly
Ever crept within a rod of Jim, the Scout;
An' the catamount an' bison
Never teched him mere than pizen
Which they allus more prefer to do without.

But he moved into the city
Just for fun,
An' he sold his big six-shooter,
An' he thought it would not do ter
Keep his gun.
But a muscular garroter,
Who was not a legal voter,
Robbed him of his watch and wallet like a child,
Then a gas-pipe overloaded
Bust and Jim he got exploded,
An' came down considerable permiscuous and riled.

An' the bunco steerers fleeced him
Left and right;
An' the gamins uster hoot him
An' a slugger tried to shoot him
T'other night.
An' a hoodlum tried to skin him,
An' an engine ran agin him,
An' a herdic, an' a hoss car an' a dray;
An' agin, a little later,
In a rotten elevator
He fell down thirteen stories in one day.

An' his house, it caught afire
T'other night,
An' his gas meter exploded
(Jim didn't know that it was loaded),
Awful sight.
An' his house was widely scattered,
O'er the country it was spattered,
In a shower of chunks and cinders, so they said,
Jim was so completely shivered,
He ain't never been disk'vered,
But the coroner concluded he was dead.

The Professor's Boy.

He stood beside the cradle of his first-born baby boy,
And fondly did he gaze upon his future pride and joy;
And as he gazed bright visions floated through his doting brain,
Of what his son would be and do when manhood he'd attain.

"I'll make a scholar of him, and a mighty scholar, too,
In the languages and sciences his equals shall be few;
At five he'll take up Latin and at ten begin his Greek,
At thirteen French and German, and at fifteen Volapesk;

"In mathematics he shall make old Euclid blush for shame,
In physics and in chemistry he'll also make a name;
And when it comes to history, to literature and law,
At his attainments all the world shall stand in speechless awe."

The years passed by, he put his boy through the scholastic mill,
And with all know'edge his young mind he did quite cram and fill;
And when he grew to manhood he surpassed his fonde dream,
For he became the captain of a banner baseball team.

Here and There.

THE RED HEAD AND THE PALE HORSE.

Our servant is with us no more ;
She dwells on that beautiful shore
Where fevered souls lave
In the cool, shining wave
'Till timeless eternity is o'er.

It was all on account of the fire
That she booked with the heavenly choir.
The kindling was green,
So she used kerosene
Its spirit the more to inspire.

She'd often before made it win,
And successful e'en now might have been,
But she happened to scratch
A red-headed match,
So the pale horse of death galloped in. *Ex.*

* * *

What awful humbugs we are to be sure in musical matters. We flaunt the fact that we are partial to high-class concerts, and profess to be completely at home with chamber music. We have the jargon of the thing to perfection, and hold ourselves proportionately aloof from anything that smacks of the popular, yet, once off our guard, how easily is the mask of conventionality thrown aside, and humanity sees us as we are.

* * *

The other night Gilmore's Band gave us a pleasant couple of hours. Wagner's music was interpreted, and we applauded in a fairly hearty way, but do you remember when in response to an encore one of the singers responded with an old ballad, how spontaneous was the thunder of applause which greeted the first few bars of the symphony. And the audience showed its good sense in so doing.

* * *

Society has the same little foible in regard to art. Amusing, and instructive withal, it was to listen to amateur criticisms of the pictures at the late art fair. Unpleasant and ill-natured people there are even yet who can be found sneering at such earnest, though terribly unsustainable criticisms. There are people yet who are behind the times enough to consider a single course of lectures and a hurried rush through European galleries as an insufficient preparation of itself for the role of art critic. Out upon such ignorance! The First Century people had always the poor with them, we are told in Holy Writ, but the Nineteenth Century folks have the envious as well.

* * *

Some may object, but I, for one, like to hear my friend Barnacles show in a practical way that the couple of hours he spent in the galleries of the Louvre, amongst an "alligator" crowd of the "personally conducted," was not time and money thrown away. And when on the strength of information thus acquired at the Fountain of Art, my young friend proceeds to cut up our artists, and slash away at our native talent, the little soul within me bubbles over with pleasure and enthusiasm, for I know then and feel that men always speak best and most eloquently on the subject they know least about.

* * *

How well I remember such an one who posed for some little time as a tremendous art critic from the elegant ease and familiar grace with which he introduced the term *chiroscuro*. Never shall I forget the telling effect which that simple Italian word had on his listener's nerves. It raised him on high as an art critic, but alas! it also sunk him to the lowest depths as a fraud, a delusion and a snare. For one day after he had flung it out with all the old time vigor, an inquisitive hearer, timidly asked the meaning of the term. Surely never had an inoffensive cause a more deadly effect. The whilom critic first stared, then stammered, got red in the face, and finally it dawned on all that the oracle himself was innocent of all knowledge on the subject. Yes, we are indeed awful humbugs.

* * *

In company with many other deserving citizens in our midst I was the recipient of an invitation to witness the opening of the exhibition of drawings, painting, etc., at the Educational Department Buildings last week, and fortunate I was in being spared by another engagement, from sharing the annoyance experienced by those who were present from the awful crush which was the inevitable outcome of the lavish manner in which the invitations were issued. If a building will only contain 500 people in comfort, surely it is worse than a mistake to issue over a thousand invitations. If the department only desired a crowded house, then its desire was most handsomely gratified. But if, as some of us reasonably think, the comfort of the invited is to be considered, then the suffering mob which gathered last week in St. James' Square is proof positive that the department entered into a contract which it was entirely unable to carry out. A smaller invitation list, or larger accommodation next year, an' you please, gentlemen of the Education Department.

* * *

The king is dead, long live the king! Lord Lansdowne has gone and his successor is already in our midst. The new viceroy has been fortunate enough to escape one nuisance on his arrival—the inevitable address. If his Lordship flatters himself, however, that his escape is more than a temporary one, he deceives himself. The address prepared by the burghers of Quebec will be relegated, like the Orangeman's plug hat and white trousers, to temporary obscurity only, and will be levelled at Lord Stanley with fatal precision on the occasion of his next visit.

* * *

The system of presenting addresses, holding levees, and opening new institutions is the only obstacle between our Governor Generals and perfect happiness. There can be no doubt whatever, we are a selfish people. Simply because we launch out to the tune of $50,000 a year, with free board, for the privilege of receiving an executive head from the motherland, our confounded vanity and bumptiousness invariably prompts us to make such awful asses of ourselves whenever his Excellency is in our midst. Why can't we send in our addresses by mail to Ottawa and ask his Excellency to consider himself "addressed." Imagine what a saving of time, money and convenience this process would be to the country. The representative of her Majesty could then so happily combine public business and salmon fishing on the Restigouche, and—but for our inexcusable selfishness and vanity—call it which you will—life might be one continued dream of pleasure for the Governor-General of this Dominion.

* * *

It is surely an ungracious thing to strike a man who is down, but there are certain people in the Longley case friendly to that gentleman who have failed to learn the wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie.

* * *

If the friends of Mr. Longley are well advised, the matter will be allowed to drop, and the whole of this unfortunate affair pass out of mind. But Mr. Longley's case is only further prejudiced by the unwise course which is being taken by his friends. I have been asked by a member of the reverend gentleman's late congregation to qualify the very modified statements which appeared on the first page of this paper last week, "as there are several matters which had an ugly appearance, but which have since been satisfactorily explained." With every desire to do justice to the reverend gentleman, SATURDAY NIGHT is quite unable to see its way clear to assuming any other opinion on this subject than the one already adopted. Nay, more, the Rev. Mr. Longley has come out of the affair much more easily than he ever deserved or could have reasonably expected. His brother clergymen had every motive in placing the most charitable construction on his conduct, yet their report, so far from exonerating him, amounts to practical condemnation.

* * *

Amidst other scenes and different surroundings, those abilities and gifts which are claimed for Mr. Longley will, after next year, have a chance to develop. In the meantime Toronto has no further need of the reverend gentleman. ST. GEORGE.

James G. Blaine.

Notwithstanding the emphatic statements of Mr. Blaine that he will not be a candidate for presidential honors, his friends are still hopeful that if a unanimous convention ask him to stand for election, he will not refuse. James G. Blaine was born at West Providence, Pa., in the year 1830. His father was a wealthy land owner in Washington county, and paid much attention to his son's education. He graduated at Washington (Pa.) college in 1847, and was known as the most skilful mathematician in his class. In 1854 he removed to Augusta, Maine, became editor of the Kennebec *Journal*, and soon acquired great authority in the councils of the Republican party in the state. From 1858 to 1861 he edited the Portland *Advertiser*. He was a member of the Legislature from 1859 to 1862, the last two years of which he was speaker of the House. In 1862 he was elected to the House of Representatives, where he remained till 1876, when he was elected senator. Almost from his first appearance he commanded the attention of the House, and soon became one of the leading debaters. At the Republican conventions in 1876 and 1880 Mr. Blaine was a prominent candidate, but on account of the peculiar freaks of American politics, which frequently exalt the least probable candidate, he was thrown out in favor of Hayes and Garfield. In 1884 he was the nominee of his party, but was defeated by Cleveland. His great work, Twenty Years of Congress, is the most complete record extant of the political history of the United States during that period. Since the death of Conkling, his great rival, Mr. Blaine is undoubtedly the ablest man in the Republican party of America.

The Theater.

Mr. "Pete" Baker and his original musical comedy company have been the attraction throughout the week at the Toronto Opera House. Toronto audiences are so thoroughly conversant with this *melange*, it is entirely unnecessary to enlarge upon it in this column.

*

Mr. Baker has appeared in the character of Chris over 2,000 times. It is more than probable that he goes through his part without any aid from the prompter. If he doesn't, he ought.

*

The honors of the evening were carried off by Mr. Baker as Chris, Mr. Wm. E. Hines as Tim Flaherty, and Miss Lutie Miller as Lena—with the balance of the cast nowhere.

*

I have again to call the attention of our players to the absurd habit of wearing rings when playing parts representing life in extremely reduced circumstances. Mr. Hines was the principal offender in this respect. His humor was really funny and I enjoyed him very much, but just only as long as my eye did not catch sight of the miniature gravestone he carries on the third tomb of his left hand. Now every reader of SATURDAY NIGHT is aware that a humble Irishman on the tramp is not going to bed hungry with a handsome ring in his possession—at least not so long as "mine uncle" is a dweller in the land.

*

The star of the piece, Mr. Baker, established himself as a favorite at the commencement of the evening. He is evidently of the opinion that Adonis has not been the only good looking "feller" since the world began, and goes in for fancy dresses, in no uncertain style. I was hugely tickled when he came on in a hunting costume, carrying a *breech*-loader on his shoulder, and a *shot flask* at his side, but then we should remember "what sights we do see when we go out without a gun," and be merciful accordingly to the eccentricities of genius.

*

On Friday evening a complimentary benefit was tendered to Mr. A. E. Davidson and Mr. G. H. Burke, treasurer and advertising agent, respectively.

*

Next week the Topack and Steele specialty company will hold the boards at the Toronto.

*

Mr. J. K. Emmet kept the patrons of the Grand Opera House in perpetual roars in his genuinely funny impersonations of Fritz, Our Cousin-German, on Thursday and Friday. The matinee to-day closes his engagement.

STAGE NOTES.

Rosina Vokes has closed her season at Daly's Theater, and she has every reason to congratulate herself upon the financial result of her engagement. Indeed, both she and her manager were anxious to continue for several weeks longer, but Mr. Daly's arrangements with the decorators were such that it was impossible to keep the theater open even another week. Mr. and Mrs. Clay will remain in America, while several members of their company have already sailed for Europe.

The road managers are beginning to pour into New York, and if the truth must be told, they all look a trifle dusty and worn. The season has not been a good one for traveling combinations, and we doubt whether there are more than a dozen attractions out of the several hundreds which went out early in the season which have paid their expenses. In the majority of cases salaries are far behind, and printers are unpaid. This means, of course, a big army of unemployed, penniless actors in New York all the summer, and the interesting question is now as it always has been—what to do with them.

IT WAS THE HAT.

I sat behind her at the play
(They said it was Othello)
But who appeared, or how 'twas done,
Well, ask some other fellow.

I know an overture was played
(The same they played last season),
And, later, people cried encore!
I do not know the reason.

I heard a sweet, entreating voice,
A stifled shriek, a groan, a
Silence that, I take it, marked
The death of Desdemona.

And this was all; I simply write
These lines as a reminder
To some one that I lost the play
Because I sat behind her. *Ex.*

James Owen O'Connor looms up on deck once more as the star crank of the season in New York, and is happy in the receipt of a letter from a young man named W. C. Brower, who writes: "I am satisfied that you are a second Booth, and in time will leave him far behind." It is not surprising to hear that the letter also solicited an engagement with Mr. O'Connor as manager.

THE LAMENT OF O'CONNOR.

Jas. Owen O'Connor:

"I feel I'm greater than Macready
In all that fell from Shakespeare's pen;
I shall be heard when Booth's forgotten——'

The public, as with one voice:

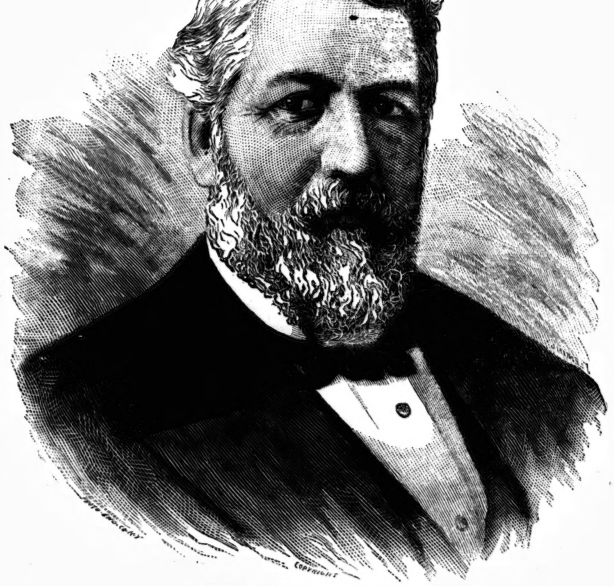
"But not—O'Connor! *until then.*

H. K. C.

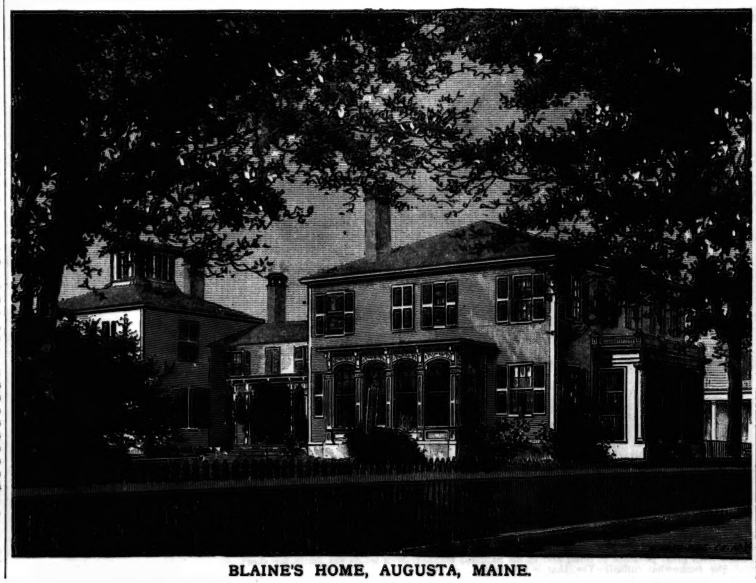
Mdme. Patti has beaten her record by her latest success at Buenos Ayres. On the fifth night of her engagement the receipts at the doors amounted to $24,000, and a back seat in the stalls was sold for $65. The terms of her engagement might seem fabulous were it not that the capital sunk yields large interest. All her traveling expenses are paid, as well as those of Nicolini, her secretary, and three servants. Half the gross receipts are her share, up to $10,000, and where the treasury shows a larger yield she receives 40 per cent. of the excess. Under the terms of the contract the payments are made in gold the morning after the performance. She engages to sing twice a week, and under no circumstances is to attend any rehearsal. As the *repertoire* is very limited, this provision seems almost unnecessary. Another stipulation is more to the purpose. In no performances in which the diva takes a part is any artiste to be allowed to sing without her previous consent.

Jekyll Mansfield, disdaining to Hyde his light under the Yankee bushel, will shortly start to play his piece in London. How well remembered is his clever mother, equally clever as singer or actor, Madame Radersdorff. She was a great favorite at Covent Garden, when Gye, *pere*, was consul. Her play in the opera William Tell was particularly neat. She was the boy, and a jolly one at that. Madame Radersdorff was placed with her back to a tree up the left of the stage. A revolving stick was fixed just where her head came, invisible to the audience. The apple was placed on the spike at one end, and seemed to be standing on her cranium. When William took aim with his arrow, crash went the big drums and Manager Harris hidden behind the tree, whizzed the stick rapidly round, the apple vanished in the slit of the tree, the one at the other end of the stick, with an arrow in it, came into sight—hoop la! deafening cheers! Tell to the heavens! Gessler to —!

At the height of his troubles, when things went very badly, the expenses of the vast theater being ruinous, Charles Mathews one morning saw a ballet girl in a dark corner of the stage crying bitterly and evidently in pain. The ever-gay comedian at once jauntily approached her (for nothing, seemingly, could dash his spirits) and said, "What's the matter, my dear?" The girl sobbed in reply, "Oh, Mr. Mathews, I am in such pain! I have got such a dreadful toothache!" "Toothache!" said he, "poor thing, I am so sorry. I'll let you off rehearsal; go and have the tooth out." "I can't, Mr. Mathews." "Can't! Why not?" said he. "I c-a-n't aff-o-rd it!" blubbered the girl. "Can't afford it! Nonsense!" answered Mathews. "Run round the corner to St. Martin's Lane, where you will get rid of it for a shilling." "But I haven't g-o-t a shilling, Mr. Mathews." "Not got a shilling!" he replied at once. "Neither have I. But come into the green-room and I will take your tooth out myself!"



HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.



BLAINE'S HOME, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

The Spy of the Secret Three

A VENETIAN TALE.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Alonzo's heart was beating high and fast. Could it be possible that the spy meant just as he said?

"Dagolfo, do you ask me only this?"

"Only this in pledge, my lord."

"That I will—"

"Marry with Zenella at once," said the spy, as the prince hesitated. "Make her your wife before you leave Venice."

"And for yourself you ask nothing?"

Dagolfo shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"You are rich, Signor Prince, and I am poor. If, when you find yourself in possession of the prize, you can, from your abundance, bestow a trifle upon him who has helped you to the priceless possession, it will be gratefully received."

And yet the prince feared. He looked into the dark, swart face of the dreaded spy, and shuddered in spite of himself. Dagolfo marked the look, and guessed its meaning.

"Do you mistrust me, Signor?"

"Look ye, Dagolfo," replied our hero, with straightforward frankness, "is it not possible that you are laying a trap for me?"

"And wherefore should I lay a trap for you?"

"In order that you may get me within the power of the dread tribunal which you serve."

The spy laughed outright.

"Alonzo de Verona, did I not know you to be a man of sense, I should say you were trifling away your speech. I lay a trap to bring you within the power of the State Inquisition? I could place you under the Leads* within the hour, were I pleased to do so. Nay, start not. I mean what I say. You know but little of our office if you deem yourself safe from its clutches after what has passed. Remember, our tribunal is solemnly secret. Many a man has passed through its portals to his death for less cause than you gave near the Square of Saint Peter. But that is nothing as compared with another cause."

"Another cause," repeated the prince eagerly.

"Aye," answered the spy. "He who once falls under Dagolfo's eyes, thenceforth does nothing in secret. The officers of the Inquisition went forth to-night for the purpose of arresting a certain Moor named Maleck, who is believed to be a spy in the employ of the enemies of the Republic. Can you tell me why the officers did not succeed?"

Alonzo started, and trembled with secret dread. How had his disguise been penetrated!

"Come, come, Signor. Doubt me no more. Did I wish you ill, I should cause your arrest at once. And you can judge how it would fare with you when Rinaldi held you under his thumb. But enough of this. We should understand one another by this time. I can tell you where Zenella is. If I do so, will you make her your wife before you leave Venice? Once more, mark me: If I meant you harm, I should place my hands upon you now, as I have full and ample power to do."

The prince reflected a moment, and then arose to his feet.

"If I can find Zenella, I will make her my wife as soon as she will consent."

"Enough," responded the spy, also rising. "She is with the Jew Ben-hadad."

"The Jew?"

"Yes. Into his hands your father gave her, and with him she now abides, and passes for his daughter. Have you not heard of the Pearl of the Ghetto?"

"Yes."

"Your lost Zenella is that Pearl."

"But the Jew told me, this very night, at the Casino, that he knew nothing of her."

"Were those his words?"

"He said he could give me no clew—no information."

"Ah, that may be. He had probably pledged his word to your father that he would not do so."

"O! Dagolfo, if you do this to betray me!"

"Bah! are you a fool? Is your brain in such a muddle that you cannot reason? By San Marco! if you will but hint to me that you would taste my power, I will swear to put the prince in the Lion's Mouth and yield thee food for the executioner's axe within four and twenty hours!"

"Say no more, Dagolfo. I will seek the maiden."

"It is well. Go fearlessly about the work, for I give thee my word that thou shalt not be molested. Should you want help at any time in securing the maiden from ruffian hands, call upon me and you shall not call upon me in vain."

With these words the spy replaced his mask and quitted the apartment; and when he was gone the prince sank back into his chair and tried to call to mind what had just transpired. He was thus occupied when Beppo entered.

"My good master," said the valet, eager and anxious in look, "was not that Dagolfo who left you but now?"

"It was."

Beppo sat down, and the prince related to him all that had passed between the spy and himself.

"And what do you propose to do?" asked the valet, after he had listened attentively to the strange story.

"Have I not told you?"

"Then you will seek the girl and——"

"Make her my wife!" cried Alonzo, impulsively. "Would you advise me differently?"

"If I might dare to advise my master."

"Go on, Beppo. I will listen."

"And forgive me if I offend?"

"Yes—for I know that you love me."

"I do love you, my lord, and hence I speak thus freely. Zenella is wiser than you. She has chosen the safer course."

"Beppo!"

"Imitate her example, my lord, and give over this mad scheme. I call it mad because your great love has made you blind to your own good. As I live, I believe the spy has some ulterior object in view."

"It is only your fear for me that makes you say so, Beppo."

"And I believe that my fear has just ground, my lord. You know the character of this spy. He is the terror of all Venice. His hand is against every honest man, and every honest man's hand is against him. He is cunning as a fox, as subtle as a serpent, and as relentless and cruel as a demon. I have learned some of his antecedents since our return to Venice. Before he came into the employ of the Secret Three he had been one of the most reckless players at the Casino, and had acted the part of the bravo in more than one secret assassination. Before that he had been a buccaneer—one of the most daring and successful that ever infested the waters of the Mediterranean. An outlaw by nature, an outlaw by occupation, and a villain of the very deepest and darkest dye."

"By my soul!" exclaimed the prince, with a shudder, "you paint a forbidding picture."

"And yet, my lord, it is but a true picture of the man you would trust."

"No more, no more, Beppo. I will see Zenella."

"And if you see her the work is done."

"Then so be it. My heart shall be my guide. Its instincts never deceived me yet, and I will trust them in this emergency. No more. I shall seek my love. Aye, though death stood in my way, I would not turn back! O, Zenella! Zenella! it cannot be as evil power that restores thee to me!"

The valet gazed upon the bowed head of his master dubiously and sadly; but he ventured no more remonstrance. He saw the cloud, dark and threatening, and he felt assured that if it burst into storm the result would be terrible.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE BRINK.

Upon the Canal of St. Jeremiah, within the limits of the Ghetto, stood the dwelling of the Jew, Ben-hadad. It was an old building, but firm and substantial, being built of brick from the fine clay of the Piave, with a basement of stone, and the lower windows protected by stout iron shutters. A low porch of wood was erected over the water entrance, which was guarded by a barred gate, forming a barrier almost as strong as the main door itself.

It was on the morning succeeding the events recorded in the last chapter that a gondola stopped at the Jew's landing, from which stepped forth a man enveloped in an ample cloak of dark Veronese cloth, and wearing upon his face a mask of blue silk. He plied the brazen knocker of the gate quite vigorously, and was at length hailed from within by a voice demanding what was wanted at that early hour.

"I would see the Jew, Ben-hadad," replied the applicant.

"Who are you, and what is your business?"

"Ben-hadad holds large sums of money in trust for me. Convey to him this signet, and say to him that the owner thereof would see him on most pressing business."

And thus speaking the man pulled a brilliant sapphire from his finger, and handed it through the bars of the gate to the servant. By and by the servant reappeared and opened the gate, and the applicant was conducted up through the porch into a dark, narrow hall, and thence into a room of ample dimensions very comfortably furnished. The ceiling was high and vaulted, the arch springing from pilasters of fine stucco; and the stained windows were guarded by brazen bars. While the visitor was engaged in examining the quaint old architecture of the place, a heavy curtain was drawn aside, and the Jew entered.

Ben-hadad's was a noble form; his carriage, in his own house, erect and imposing, and his look patriarchal. His eye was clear and bright, and his face wore a kindly expression, though now trouble and perplexity were manifest. He advanced and returned the signet to its owner, saying, as he did so:

"You may remove your mask, Signor, and be seated. Though your coming was unexpected, yet I can but bid the son of my old friend welcome."

The mask was removed, and the features of Alonzo de Verona were revealed. The Jew regarded the young man narrowly, and then added:

"Your face, my lord, is a sufficient avoucher for your parentage."

The prince smiled, and bowed in acknowledgment.

"You will pardon me," pursued the host, trying to assume a composure which he did not feel, "if I am forced to remind you that my time is just now precious, being occupied with serious matters of State."

"You need make no excuses," returned Alonzo, betraying more feeling than a mere errand of business would seem to give occasion for. "The matter upon which I have come can be quickly arranged betwixt thee and me."

"I am glad to hear you say so, my son. I cannot, without some computation, state the exact amount which I hold for you; but that matters not if you wish simply to make a draft."

"You mistake, my good Ben-hadad. I came not hither for money, but for a valuable jewel which my father confided to thy keeping."

"A valuable jewel!" repeated the Jew, wonderingly. "Was it the diamond of Saint Omar, or the ruby of Aleppo?"

"Neither, Ben-hadad. It was a jewel of greater price than you can name of precious stones—a Pearl of celestial worth."

"My lord!" gasped the old man, trembling and turning pale. "You are beside yourself."

"Hush, good sir. Let us not waste words. I would see Zenella. It is for that I have come."

The Jew recovered himself as quickly as possible.

"Alonzo de Verona, did I not tell thee that I could give thee no information concerning the maiden?"

"Aye," answered the prince, promptly, "and in that you did rightly, seeing that you had pledged your word to my father; but now I come to demand of you the deposit, and as my father's sole heir and representative, I have the right. Do not deny that you hold the treasure, for I know it."

Ben-hadad bowed his head upon his hand, and remained for a long time silent. At length he looked up and said:

"I will deny nothing that is true. The maiden is within my keeping. She is to me as a daughter. Your father gave her to me as such. If you know as much as you have said, perhaps you know why your father took this step."

"I think I know."

"And I, Alonzo, am fearful that you do not know. If you did, you would not venture thus."

"Ben-hadad, I know that Zenella's father was a banished noble of Venice; and I know that by marrying with her I lay myself liable to the same penalty."

"And yet you will seek her hand?"

"Through fire and flood, if need be. I have worldly possessions which the laws of Venice cannot touch, being beyond their reach; and with my beloved Zenella to bear me company, I can find peace and joy, with blessed contentment, beneath the shelter of a government which will give me cordial welcome."

"My son, you know not what you undertake. If your property is confiscate, I shall not dare to yield to thee a single ducat. Of all your wealth in Venice you will not save the price of a hangman's rope. And this is the least of the impending evil. The name of your house, now one of the most illustrious in the republic, will be stricken from the Golden Book forever, and dishonor will rest upon your life."

"Ben-hadad," replied the youth, with calm dignity, "I have considered well. On the one hand is the being whom I love above all earthly things, and whose companionship is necessary to my happiness. On the other hand is my worldly wealth, which I prize not. I shall be banished from Venice, and what is that but freedom from mortal dangers that beset the path of every honest noble in the State? Dishonor, say you? And what power of earth can stamp dishonor upon him whose soul is pure before God? Once more I tell thee my resolution is fixed. I must see and speak with Zenella."

The Jew arose and crossed the apartment with slow and thoughtful step. When he came back he regarded the prince with a searching glance.

"Alonzo, I know thy pride of will and thy temper of spirit, and I am persuaded that opposition on my part can avail nothing. Thus far I have sought to do my duty to the dead, and now I must obey the living. Did I regard the maiden as perfectly safe in my keeping I might resist your claim to greater extremity; but you are yourself aware of the evil which hath already befallen her. Her wondrous beauty cannot be entirely hidden without reducing her state to one of absolute imprisonment; and it unfortunately happens that these very officers of State—high and mighty in authority—who have business with me financially, are the most to be feared."

"And those very men," cried Alonzo, bitterly, "with the debauched and libidinous Rinaldi at their head, are the ones who may pass upon me the sentence of banishment! O! I should hold the condemnation of such a tribunal as an honor."

"If Zenella consents to become your wife, you will take her at once from Venice?" said Ben-hadad, after a pause.

"Yes."

"And you count upon the utter confiscation of your Venetian estates, and upon your own banishment?"

"As the price," quickly replied the prince, "which I pay for peace and joy."

"Then," pursued the Jew, with a show of relief, "you shall see Zenella. Were you to ask my counsel, I should only remember the injunction of your father; but you would not receive it. And yet it may be better thus. It may be better for the maiden. God grant that it may be so. Wait you here, my son, and I will see her, if she will come."

Thus sp aking, the Jew departed and ere long afterwards Zenella entered.

O, how fair and how beautiful! How lovely in her purity, and how radiant in her glowing smile of love and welcome!

She advanced and gave both her hands to Alonzo. He looked down in her beaming eyes, and softly said, his tones eloquent in their melting tenderness:

"Zenella, my love has followed you and found you. I know why you fled from me, and why you would have made sacrifice of your generous heart. But it must not be. I have counted the cost."

"I know, I know," interrupted the maiden, looking up through gathering tears, her sweet voice trembling with unutterable delight, "Pardon me, Alonzo, I heard all you said to Ben-hadad. I could not help it. I was only separated from your voice by yonder curtain."

"You heard all, Zenella?"

"I heard all."

"Then what more can I say?"

"Only this: Will you never, never regret that you made so much sacrifice for poor Zenella?"

Alonzo's answer was to drop the maiden's hands and open his arms; and as she rested upon his bosom, folded within his strong embrace, he murmured, in rapturous tones:

"Here, my Zenella!—ever here! The wealth of our love is the greatest wealth earth can bestow, and no earthly power shall wrest it from us. Do you not find promise of rich joys to come?"

"Yes, Alonzo; yes."

Such love as Zenella bore in her swelling heart for him who had been the first and only one to touch the spring of her maiden's affection was too strong and too true to lin object to be hidden beneath the cold need of expediency.

She reposed upon the bosom of the man whom she loved and honored; and when the magic word of promise had gone forth, she was happy and hopeful, resolved to brave all danger for the sake of him who would brave so much for her.

By and by, after the story of love had been told anew, and the prince had told of his late adventure, and the maiden had told how she left the dwelling of the Count Gonsalvo, Alonzo said, very carefully and tenderly:

"Dear Zenella, do you remember how you used to shrink and weep in the other years when I spoke to you of your parents?"

"Yes, Alonzo, I remember very well."

"I know not why, love, why you were so affected. You dared not speak of your father's banishment and dishonor."

"More than that," the maiden returned, soberly and solemnly. "I did not even know my father's name; and I know it not now. You never heard my story?"

"Not fully. But tell me nothing that can give you pain."

"It is not that, Alonzo. The reason why I dared not speak in that other time was because your father had forbidden me. But there is nothing to conceal. Listen, and you shall hear.

"Of my parents I have no remembrance, save a dim, uncertain impression which gives to me a sweet mild face that beamed upon me with smiles, and which yields to my memory a warm and sheltering bosom upon which my infant head was pillowed. In the same picture is storm and tempest, as though I were upon the rough sea; and there was a shock too, as of some great calamity. Upon that dim, mystic scene of terror the curtain drops, and a blank follows. My first clear remembrance is of a hard, harsh man, who had taken me in charge. He was a merchant, I think, and made voyages to foreign countries. He owned a dwelling in Smyrna, where I found a home; his name was Benedetto; and I thought he was my father until I was twelve years of age, at which time he told me that he was going to Venice, where I might find other friends. And then he told me that I was of no kin to him, but that my father had been a Venetian noble, banished for treason, his estates confiscated, and his name forever dishonored. When I asked him what had been my father's name, he answered me that he could not tell me. He had received me from my dying father's hands, and had pledged his sacred word that he would never speak that father's name in my hearing. And he said to me further, if I was going to Venice, my family name would prove a danger and a snare to me.

"And he brought me to Venice; and I lived with him a whole year, in a dark abode near to the Casino; and an old woman named Diantha was my guardian, for Benedetto was away most of the time. At the end of the year Diantha died, and very shortly afterwards my master told me I was to have a new home. He had taken me a few times into the Casino, and there, he said, a noble had seen me who had been once my father's friend, and who would adopt me as his own child. After that the Count Antonio, your father, came and took me away. And then—O, then, a new life opened upon me."

"The rich blessings of which," exclaimed Alonzo, folding her once more to his bosom, "shall be yours while you live. Forget that you ever bore another name than Zenella, as I may soon have to forget that I have another than Alonzo. We will make for ourselves a new name, my love, and we will honor it in truth and faith."

A little pause, and then Alonzo said:

"But this Benedetto—have you seen him since you left his guardianship?"

"Only once, to my knowledge. He came once to see your father, and I was in the library of the palace when he entered. But that was shortly after I left him."

"And you have known nothing of him since?"

"Nothing. I think he left Venice. I heard my father bade him do so."

"If he were in Venice I would like to see him; but if he has left the state it may be better for us."

"Surely it is," said Zenella, shuddering. "O, I would not see Benedetto again. He was a daring and dangerous man. I never think of him but with fear and trembling."

"Then let us leave him, love, and pass to a pleasanter theme. It is my purpose to leave Venice quickly at the time. I have friends in Verona, in Milan, in Florence, and in Genoa; and I have worldly wealth enough outside this city to provide for all our wants. But before I can take you under my sole care I must have a husband's right. I must have it for your sake. With me all times are alike. I would be married this very day as well as at any time. How is it with you?"

"Henceforth," replied the trusting, hopeful girl, "I am yours, and to your judgment will I defer. And yet it might be well to consult with Ben-hadad. He has been as a father to me, and I would at least that we gave him our confidence."

"Right, Zenella. Ben-hadad shall speak for you."

The Jew was summoned and the case stated. He listened attentively and reflected seriously, and when he replied he spoke as one from whose mind a great burden has been lifted.

"My children, if I fail short of my duty in this hour, may God forgive me. It is useless to deny the fact that Zenella can no longer find assurance of perfect safety beneath my roof. The eyes of the fiend have rested upon her, and once already hath his fell power been felt. When a beast of prey comes from the Secret Council of Venice, I cannot shut my door in his face. Since you have decided upon the final result, it is certainly best that you should leave Venice as speedily as possible; and, my son, that you may have a sacred right to guard and protect the priceless treasure, it may be best that the marriage rites should be performed before you depart. I cannot, at present, pay to you any of the moneys deposited with me by your father; but I can give a generous sum to Zenella—a sum that is lawfully hers—so borrow no trouble on that account. Further than this I can only say, what you have to do in Venice had best be done quickly."

"Aye," cried Alonzo. "Let it be this very night. Shall it be here, or at my palace?"

"Not here, my son. I will bring Zenella to your dwelling. And I will also bring a priest. There is a Brother of St. Jeremiah whom we can trust."

"And you will come at what hour?"

"Let it be at midnight."

"And you will be prepared?" said the prince taking Zenella's hand.

"Yes, Alonzo."

"Then may the good angels guard you until that hour! All shall be in readiness at my palace; and before another day shall have passed we will have turned our backs upon Venice forever."

Alonzo de Verona left the Ghetto with hopes high and jubilant. He did not see the cat-like eyes that peeped at him from a neighbor gondola which he passed, nor did he dream then of danger which might not be overcome. He was looking only to the future, eager to bound forth into the new life of joy and blessing, promising himself that the rich prize was already within his grasp.

(To be Continued.)

*A set of prison-chambers, so called, directly under the leaden roof of the Ducal Palace, where prisoners suffered most torturing heat in the summer time, and shivered with intense cold in the winter.

Mr. Harry Walnut (anxious to drive away his rival, but has forgotten the name of his charmer)—As I was saying Miss—er—er—er—er (then with great presence of mind and in his happiest manner) well let us say Jones for short.

(She (somewhat ruffled)—Yes, that is my name.

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VAGABONDIA:

A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Mooning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

IF YOU SHOULD DIE.

The postman paid frequent visits to Bloomsbury Place during these summer weeks. At first Dolly wrote often herself, but later it seemed to fall to Miss MacDowlas to answer Aimee's long letters and Mollie's forlornly ones. And that lady was a faithful correspondent and did her duty as readily as was possible, giving all the news and recording all Dolly's messages, and issuing regular bulletins on the subject of her health. "Your sister," she sometimes wrote, "is not so well, and I have persuaded her to allow me to be her amanuensis." Or, "Your sister is tired after a rather long drive, and I have persuaded her to rest while I write at her dictation." Or, sometimes, "Dolly is rather stronger, and is in excellent spirits, but I do not wish her to exert herself at present." But at length a new element crept into these letters. The cheerful tone gave way to a more dubious one; Dolly's whimsical messages were fewer and farther between, and sometimes Miss MacDowlas seemed to be on the verge of hinting that her condition was a weaker and more precarious one than even she herself had at first feared.

Ralph Gowan, on making his friendly calls, and hearing this, was both anxious and puzzled. In a very short time after his return he had awakened to a recognition of some mysterious shadow upon the household. Vagabondia had lost its spirits. Mrs. Frill and her husband were almost thoughtful; Ted disported himself unregarded and unadmired, comparatively speaking; Mollie seemed half frightened by the aspect affairs were wearing; and Aimee's small, wise, round face had actually an older look. And then these letters! Dolly "trying Switzerland" for her health, Dolly mysteriously ill and far away from home—too weak sometimes to write. Dolly, who had never seemed to have a weakness; who had entered the lists against even Lady Augusta, and had come off victorious; who had been mock-worldly, and coquettish, and daring; who had made open onslaught upon eligible Philistines; who had angled prettily and with sinful success for ineligible Bohemians! What did it mean? And where was Donne? Certainly he was never to be seen at Bloomsbury Place or in its vicinity in these days.

But deeply interested as he was, Gowan was not the man to ask questions, so he could only wait until chance brought the truth to light.

He came to the house upon one occasion and found Aimee crying quietly over some of Miss MacDowlas' letters in the parlor, and in his sympathy he felt compelled to speak openly to her.

Then Aimee, heavy of heart and full of despairing grief, handed him the letter to read.

"I have known it would be so—from the first," she sobbed. "We are going to lose her. Perhaps she will not live to come home again."

"You mean Dolly?" he said.

"Yes," hysterically. "Miss MacDowlas says—" But she could get no further.

This was what Miss MacDowlas said:

"I cannot think it would be right to hide from you that your sister is very ill. Though she does not complain, and persists in treating her increasing weakness lightly. Indeed, I am sure that she herself does not realize the extent of danger. I am inclined to believe that it has not yet occurred to her that she is in danger at all. She protests that she cannot be ill so long as she does not suffer; but I do not have to watch her day by day, can see only too plainly where the danger lies. And so I think it best to warn you to be prepared to come to us at once if at any time I should send for you hurriedly."

"Prepared to go to them!" commented Aimee. "What does that mean? What does it mean but that our own Dolly is dying, and may slip out of the world away from us at any moment? Oh, Grif! Grif! what have you done?"

Gowan closed the letter.

"Miss Aimee," he said, "Where is Donne?"

Aimee fairly wrung her hands.

"I don't know," she quite wailed. "If I only did—if I only knew where I could find him!"

"You don't know!" exclaimed Gowan. "And Dolly dying in Switzerland!"

"That is it," she returned. "That is what it all means. If any of us knew—or if Dolly knew, she would not be dying in Switzerland. It is because she does not know, that she is dying. She has never seen him since the night you brought Mollie home. And—and she cannot live without him."

The whole story was told in very few words after this, and Gowan, listening, began to understand what the cloud upon the house had meant. He suffered some sharp enough pangs through the discovery. The last fail words that had bound him to hope snapped as Aimee poured out her sorrows. He had never been very sanguine of success, but even after hoping against hope, his tender fancy for Dolly Crewe had died a very lingering death; indeed, it was not quite dead yet, but he was beginning to comprehend this old love story more fully, and he had found himself forced to do his rival greater justice. He could not see his visions as the rest saw them, of course, but he was generous enough to pity him, and see that his lot had been a terribly hard one.

"There is only one thing to be done," he said, when Aimee had finished speaking. "We must find him."

"Find him! We cannot find him."

"That remains to be proved," he answered. "Have you been to his lodgings?"

"Yes," mournfully. "And even to the office! He left his lodgings that very night, paid his bills, and drove away in a cab with his trunk. Poor Grif! It wasn't a very big trunk. He went to the office the next morning and told Mr. Flynn he was going to leave London, and one of the clerks told Phil there was a row between them. Mr. Flynn was angry because he had not given due notice of his intention. That is all we know."

"And you have not the slightest clue beyond this?"

"Not the slightest. He spent all his spare time with Dolly, you know, so there is not even any place of resort, or anything, where we might go to make inquires about him."

Gowan's countenance fell. He felt the girl's distress keenly, apart from his own pain.

"The whole affair seems very much against us," he said, "but he may—I say he may be in London still. I am inclined to believe he is myself. When the first passion of excitement was over, he would find himself too brave to be fancied he was. It would not be so easy to cut himself off from the old life altogether. He would long so inexpressibly to see Dolly again that he could not fear himself away. I think we may be assured that even if he is not in London, at least he has not left England."

"That was what I have been afraid of," said Aimee; "that he might have left England altogether."

"I cannot think he has," Gowan returned.

They were both silent for a moment. Aimee sat twisting Miss MacDowlas' letter in her fingers, fresh tears gathering in her eyes.

"It is all the harder to bear," she said next, "because Dolly has always seemed so much of a reality to us. If she had been a pale, ethereal sort of girl, it might not seem such a shock; but she never was. She even used to say she could not bear those frail, ethereal people in books, who were always dying and saying touching things just at the proper time, and who know exactly when to call up their agonized friends to their bedside to see how pathetically and decorously they made their exit. Oh, my poor darling! To think that she should be fading away and dying just in the same way! I cannot make it seem real. I can not think of her without her color, and her jokes, and her bits of acting, and her little vanities. She will not be our Dolly at all if they have left her. There is a dress of hers up-stairs now—a dress she couldn't bear. And I remember we were all vexed at her temper when she was making it, because it wouldn't fit. And when I went into the parlor she was crying over it, and Grif was trying so hard to console her that at last she laughed. I can see her now, with the tears in her eyes, looking half-vexed and half-amused. And Ted, too—how fond she was of Ted, and how proud of him! Ah, Ted!" in a fresh burst, "when you grow up, the daisies may have been growing for many a year over poor little Aunt Dolly, and you will have forgotten her quite."

"You must not look at the matter in that desponding way," said Gowan, quite unsteadily.

"We must hope for the best, and do what we can. You may rely upon me to exert myself to the utmost. If we succeed in finding Donne I am sure that he will do the rest. Perhaps, next summer Vagabondia will be as bright as ever—nay, even brighter than it has been before."

All his sympathies were enlisted, and hopeless as the task seemed, he had determined to make strenuous efforts to trace this lost lover. Men had concealed themselves from their friends, in the world of London, often before, and this, he felt sure, Griffith Donne was doing. And since this poor, little, impassioned, unhinted Dolly was dying, in spite of herself, for Griffith Donne's sake, and seemingly only to be saved by his presence, he must even set himself the task of bringing him to light and clearing up this miserable misunderstanding. Having been Dolly Crewe's lover, he was still generous enough to regard himself her friend. Yes, and even her luckier lover's friend, though he winced a trifle at the thought. Accordingly, he left the house that night with his mind full of half-formed plans, both feasible and otherwise.

During the remainder of that week he did not call at Bloomsbury Place again, but at the beginning of the next he made his appearance, bringing with him a piece of news which excited Aimee terribly.

"I know I shall startle you," he said, the moment they were alone together, "but you can scarcely be more startled than I was myself. I have been on the lookout constantly, but I did not expect to be rewarded by success so soon. Indeed, as it is, it has been entirely a matter of chance. It is as I felt sure it would be. Donne is in London still. I know that much, though that is all I have learned as yet. As late last night, I caught a glimpse—only a glimpse—of him hurrying through a by-street. I almost fancied he had seen me and was determined to get out of the way."

"The pretty English girl," said the guests at the inn, "comes down no longer to the *table d'hote*.

"The pretty English girl," remarked the wiseacres, "does not even drive out these days, and the doctor calls every morning to see her."

"And sometimes," added one of the wisest, "again in the evening."

"Consumption," observed another.

"Plainly consumption," nodding significantly. "These English fraulein are so often consumptive," commented a third. "It is astonishing to remark how many come to 'try Switzerland,' as they say."

"And die!"

"And die—as this one will."

"Poor little thing!" with a sigh and a pitying shrug of the shoulders.

And in the meantime up-stairs the basket-chair had been taken away from the window and a luxuriously-cool, large-cushioned, chintz-covered couch had been pushed into its place, and Dolly lay upon it. But luxurious as her couch was and balmy as the air was, coming through the wide-opened window, she did not find much rest. The fact was, she was past rest by this time, she was too weak to rest. The hot days tried her and her sleepless nights undermined even her last feeble relic of strength. Sometimes during the day she felt that she could not lie propped up on her pillows a moment longer, but when she tried to stand or sit up she was glad to drop back again into the old place. She lost her breath fearfully soon—the least exertion left her panting.

"If I had a cough," she said once to Miss MacDowlas, "I could understand that I was ill—or if I suffered any actual pain, but I don't, and even the doctor admits that my lungs are sound enough. What is it that he says about me? Let me see. Ah, this is it; that I am 'below par—fearfully below par,' as if I was gold or notes or bonds or something. My ideas on the subject of the money market are indefinite, you see. Ah, well; I wonder when I shall be above par! Never, I think."

She never spoke of her ailments in any other strain. Even as she lay on her couch, too prostrate to either rise or talk, she made audacious satirical speeches and told Miss MacDowlas stories of Vagabondia, just as she used to tell them to Grif long ago. Indeed, of course, she could not get up to flourish illustratively, and often after lying for an hour or so in a dead heavy, exhausting day-sleep, she opened her eyes at last, to jest about her faithful discharge of her duties as companion. Only she herself knew of the fierce battles she so often fought in secret, when her sore, aching heart cried out so loud for Grif and would not—would not be comforted.

She saw Phemie frequently. The much-abused professor had proved himself a faithful friend to them. He had never been quite able to forget the little English governess, who had so was upon him in the past, even though this same young lady, in her anxiety to set Lady Augusta at defiance, had treated him somewhat cavalierly. Indeed, hearing that she was ill, he was so touched as to be quite overwhelmed with grief. He gained Euphemia frequent leaves of absence, and sent messages of condolence and bouquets—huge bunches of flowers that made Dolly laugh even while they pleased her. There was always a bouquet, mid-Summer and gigantic in proportions, when Phemie came.

At first Phemie caught the contagion of Dolly's own spirits and hopefulness, and was sustained by it in spite of appearances, but the influence died out at the end of a few weeks, and even she was not to be deceived. An awful fear began to force itself upon her—a fear doubly awful to poor, susceptible Phemie. Dolly was getting no better; she was even getting weaker from day to day; and not alt up; she was thinner and larger eyed than ever. Was something going to happen? And at the mere thought of that possible something she would lose her breath and look at Dolly, silent, wondering and awe-stricken. She began to ponder over this something as she tried to learn her lessons; she thought it of it as she went to bed and she dreamed of it in the night. Sometimes when she came in unexpectedly and found Dolly in one of those prostrate sleeps, she was so frightened that she could have cried out aloud.

She came in so one evening at twilight—the professor had brought her himself and had promised to escort her home—and she found Dolly in one of these sleeps. So, treading lightly, she put the bouquet in water, and then drew a low chair to the girl's side and sat down to watch and wait until she should awaken. Miss MacDowlas was in her own room writing to Aimee, so the place seemed very quiet, and it was quietness, perhaps, which so stirred Phemie to sorrowful thoughts and fear.

Upon her brightly-flowered chintz cushions Dolly lay like the very shadow of her former self. The once soft, round outlines of her face had grown clear and sharp cut, the delicate chin had lost its dimple, the delicate, transparent skin upon the temples showed a tracery of blue veins, the closed eyelids had a strange whiteness and by upon her eyes looked unnaturally. She did not move—she seemed scarcely to breathe. Phemie caught her own breath and held it, lest it should break from her in a sob of grief and terror.

This something awful was going to happen! She could not recover herself even when Dolly wakened and began to talk to her. She could not think of anything but her own anguish and pity for her friend. She could not talk and was so silent, indeed, that Dolly became silent too, and so, as the dusk fell upon them, they sat together, in a novel quiet, listening to a band of strolling musicians, who were playing somewhere in the distance, and the sound of whose instruments floated to them, softened and made plaintive by the evening air.

At last Dolly broke the silence.

"You are very quiet, Phemie," she said. "Are you going to sleep?"

"No," faltered Phemie, drawing close to her. "I am thinking."

"Thinking. What about?"

"About you. Dolly, do you—are you very ill—worse than you were?"

"Very ill!" repeated Dolly, slowly, as if in wonder. "Worse than I was! Why do you ask?"

Then Phemie lost self-control altogether. She left her seat and fell down by the couch, bursting into tears.

"You are so altered," she said; "and you alter so much every week. I cried over your poor little Aunt Dolly when she first fell ill—you, but now your wrist looks as if it would snap in two. Oh, Dolly, darling, if—if you should die!"

It quite a new thought, or was it because it had never come home to her in such a form before, this thought of death? She started as if she had been stung.

"If I should die!" she echoed. "Die!"

"Phemie, my dear," said Miss MacDowlas, opening the door, "the professor is waiting up-stairs."

And so having let her sorrow get the better of her, Phemie had no time to stay to see if her indiscretion had done harm. If she did not go now, she might not be allowed fresh grace; and so she was fain to tear herself away.

"I couldn't help it," she said in the hallway, as she kissed Dolly again and again. "Please forget it; oh, do, please, forget it! I did not mean it, indeed I did not. And now, I shall be so frightened and unhappy!"

"Phemie," said Dolly, quietly, "you have not frightened me; so you haven't the least need to trouble yourself, my dear!"

But she was not exactly sorry to be left alone, and when she was alone her thoughts wandered back to that first evening Phemie had called—the evening she had gone to the glass to look at her changed face. She had sat in the basket-chair then—she lay back upon her cushions now, and a crowd of new thoughts came trooping through her mind. The soft air was scented and balmy, the twilight sky was a dome of purple jewel-hung, and voices came murmuring from the gardens below, the far-off music floated to her through the window.

"If I should die!" she said, in a wondering whisper. "I, Dolly Crewe! How strange it sounds! Have I never thought that I could die before, or is it strange because now it is so near and real? When I used to talk about death to Grif, it always seemed so far away from both of us—it seemed to me as if I was not good enough or naughty enough to come to Death—great, solemn Death itself. Why, I could look at myself, and wonder at the thought of how much I shall see and know if I should die. Grif, how much I shall see and know, dear—only that people are always afraid too, of spirits, and perhaps you would be afraid, too, if you were dead. What would they say at home? Dear, old, broken-hearted fellow, what would you say, if I should die?"

She could not help thinking about those at home; about Aimee and Mollie and Phil and Toinette, sitting together in the dear, old, littered room at Bloomsbury Place—the dear old untidy room, where she had spent so many happy hours! How would they all bear it when the letter came to tell them she was gone, and would they be with them to share their pleasures and troubles again! And then, strangely enough, she began to picture herself as she would look; perhaps laid out in this very room, a dimly outlined figure, under a white sheet—not her old self, but a solemn wondrous marble form, before whose motionless, mysterious presence they would feel awed.

"And they would turn down the white covering and look at me," she found herself saying. "And they would wonder at me, and I had been I was far away. Oh, how they would wonder at me! And, at the very last, before they hid my face for ever under the coffin lid, they would even the doctor admits that my lungs are sound enough. What is it that he says about me? Let me see. Ah, this is it; that I am 'below par—fearfully below par,' as if I was gold or notes or bonds or something. My ideas on the subject of the money market are indefinite, you see. Ah, well; I wonder when I shall be above par! Never, I think."

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A Wife for a Poem.

When the Emperor Napoleon III. was writing his Life of Cæsar, and was casting ambitious glances at a chair in the Academy, a poet, whose name shall be unknown to fame, wrote a few verses on the Emperor's work, referring to him as the "Greater Cæsar of these later years."

It was absurdly sycophantic in spirit, says a Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, but it was so exquisitely phrased that it attracted wide attention. The writer sent a copy of it, accompanied by a request, to the Emperor. In return the Emperor sent him a splendid diamond ring and an invitation to call at the Tuileries.

When the poet came the Emperor received him affectionately, and after some conversation asked him if he was married.

"No, sire."

"And why don't you get married? See here. Would you marry a lady, young, beautiful, of great disposition, and with a handsome dowry, if you met such a one, who was willing to have you?"

"Yes, sire, I should be only too happy."

"Well, then, come here to-morrow night at 10. I will present you to her."

At the appointed time the poet again presented himself at the palace and was admitted to the Emperor's presence. The Emperor was in street dress, and at once put on a large cloak and a hat that concealed his identity, and led the poet to a side door. There they entered a coach and were driven to a bijou villa that stood in the midst of spacious grounds in a retired part of the city. They entered, and the Emperor said:

"Wait here until I prepare her for your coming."

So saying he ascended the stairs, leaving the poet in a small reception-room. In a few minutes he reappeared and beckoned the poet to follow him. They went upstairs and in a luxurious boudoir found the lady. She was all that the Emperor had said—young, beautiful and charming.

"My dear Marie," said the Emperor, allow me to present Mr.——, who comes as a suitor for your hand."

Then he abruptly left the room. The poet did not repent his bargain. He found the lady ready to accept his wooing, and, knowing that the imperial favor depended upon his discretion, he did not seek to learn her past history.

They were quietly married a few weeks later, the bride's dowry being $500,000.

The poet was never again invited to the Tuileries, however, nor did he ever again have a personal interview with the Emperor, but he soon received, to his surprise, an appointment in the diplomatic service in a distant part of the world. This he accepted, and went there to live, his wife, of course, accompanying him. His career there was a prosperous one, and he remained there until his death, which occurred six or seven years ago. His widow returned to Paris, and became the wife of a Russian nobleman.

On the occasion of the poet-diplomat's death a remark was made by General Fleury, the confidential friend and business agent of the late Emperor.

"He was a lucky chap," said Fleury, "to get such a wife; and it was a hard bit of luck for the Emperor to have to pay such a price to get rid of so charming an incumbrance."

"Had she," was asked, "'incumbered' His Majesty long?"

"No," said Fleury, "the Emperor had not known her a month. But the Empress had got on the track, and poor Eugenie was a regular Tartar when she was jealous."

Chips.

Teacher—In what battle was General Blank killed? Bright boy—His last one.

Conclusive evidence. Smythe—Is old Smith stingy? Well, I should smile. Why, I saw him pick up a dead mouse in the street to take home to his cat.

"Your wife is a charming woman, old man, but she is awfully thin." "Yes. But she is broad and the reverse now." "Ah! Presence of mind and absence of body."

At breakfast. Member of the Shakespeare Society (who has been reading of Ignatius Donnelly's latest cipher feat in London)—Waiter, give me some liver and Shakespeare.

Wife (before a lion's cage, to husband)—What would you say if the bars were suddenly to break and the lion were free? Husband (dryly) —I should say he had a good appetite.

Old man (at the head of the stairs)—Hasn't that young man gone yet, Clara? Daughter—No, papa; we are discharging you! Old man—Yes; the silence down there is oppressive.

Young Stayer (at 11.55 p.m.)—What a chawming song that was. I wish you would repeat it. What was it called? Miss Dewdrop—I chose it because I thought it might be new to you. It is entitled Going.

"Say, Fwed, two of Bawnuma's Awab gurls aw coming to wunswick to-morwow, wun wun to-night. Will you join us?" "What language do they speak?" "Language? Iwish pwincipally, I guess."

"Are you all ready for the theater)—I declare, dear, it's raining hard. Wife (buttoning her gloves—Well, what's a little rain? One would think from your tone of voice that we were about starting for church.

"I saw you looking at the toboggan slide at the baseball park on the west side yesterday," said Brown to the Chinaman who had just brought in his laundry. "What do you think of tobogganing, John?" "W-h-i-s-h! Walkee backee miles!" said the sensible Chinaman.

Britisher—And have you any—aw—pawk in Chicago, Mawster Jonathan? Yes, I have, Miss Bacon—Any pork! Well, in good round fat numbers, I should say about fifty thousand square miles. Britisher—Fifty thousand square miles of pawk! By Jove, now you really surprise me, Miss Bacon.

"Good-bye!" he said brokenly, and his frame shook with suppressed emotion; "good-bye, heaven bless you! Remember, Miss Smith, that although I cannot win your love, I shall always be your devoted friend; and if at any time I can be of service to you will have but to command me. I leave for Australia to-night. Good-bye." "I am sorry, Mr. Gerpidge," said Miss Smith, in a tone of regret, "to have been the means of driving you so far from home, but since you are so kind as to offer your services, I will ask you to mail a letter for me on your way to the train."

Up in His Part.

She was a woman of ready resource. While the hour was late, two or three evening visitors yet tarried, and the moment she heard her husband strike the steps she knew that he was boozy, and also grasped her line of conduct.

"Ha! ha!" she laughed, as she rose up, "he cometh! He has been out rehearsing for theatricals, and he thinks it will be just like him to try to show off. He takes the part of a Maj. Springer, who comes home full."

A hand was heard clawing over the door, a key was thrust into the lock, and then the Major entered. His hat was tipped back, his knees wobbled, and he hung to the door and swayed.

"Whaz ahis I shee fore me! Shay, Em'ly, whazzer doing, eh?"

"De-lightful! splendid!" cried the wife as she gazed at him with pride. "Why, Harry, you are a grand success in your role!"

"Whaz zhat! Whazzer laffin' 'bout? First time been ahsuccess in two years. Had lizzie time wiz zhe boys, you know."

"Be autiful! Booth couldn't beat it!" exclaimed the wife. "Why, dear, you are a born actor. It's just as natural as—as—"

"Whoop! I can lick any man in 'troit! Been out wiz 'er boys, you know! Shay, Em'ly!" "Ha! ha! he actually thinks, though!" replied the wife. "Run up stairs, Harry, and change your clothes. You'll do. Nothing could be more perfect."

"Chaze (hic) cloze! No, zur! Chaze nozzings! Upstairs! Yes, go up shtairs. Good (hic) nize, Em'ly. Reg'lar angel. Been ouz wiz zhe boys, you know!"

And the little woman clapped her hands and laughed and praised, and got rid of her company under the impression that no one had smelt a mice. However the last one was hardly off the step, when she bounced upstairs and confronted the bedazed man with the exclamation:

"Now then, you old demijohn, prepare to get the worst wollloping a fool of a husband was ever treated to!"

And he got it.

Model Jurors.

A couple of New York gentlemen were examining the mummies in the art gallery in Central Park.

"It's wonderful how well it is preserved," remarked the first gentleman, pointing to the remains of a ancient Egyptian.

"That's not the most wonderful thing about it," said the other.

"What is the most wonderful thing about it?"

"That it was not called on to do duty as a juror in the aldermanic boodle cases."

Mirage and Marriage.

"Pa, what's a mirage?"

"It's the union of one man and one woman until the law shall separate them."

"That's a marriage, pa; I want to know what a mirage is."

"Same thing, sonny, same thing. A man imagines he sees wonders where there is nothing. Fights shy of them, sonny, fight shy of them. Each is a delusion and a snare."

The Day of Judgment Had Come.

A family of four, including the grandfather, were coming up from Florida by easy stages, and stopped over night in Richmond. The old gentleman had reached the border line of dotage and had to be pretty carefully watched. It happened that in the room over his, some water had been spilled on the floor, and, leaking through the thin ceiling, it dripped on the old man's bed. When his daughter entered his room in the morning she found her father sitting bolt upright in bed, just under the leak, with an umbrella spread over him, and an expression of terror on his face. "Maria, Maria," he whispered, huskily, "the Day of Judgment has come!"

No Jews There.

A well-known French traveler, on his return from Fiji, happened to call on the Baron James Rothschild, and the latter, always on the look-out for information, pressed him for matters of interest concerning that country. After much hesitation, the visitor at length remarked that what had struck him most was that there were no Jews and no pigs absolutely whatever on the island. "Let us go there together, dear boy," quickly answered Sir James, "we shall make a fortune."

A Climatic Improvement.

Montreal lady (to American financier)—Do you find our Canadian climate rather cold, Mr. Boodler?

American financier—Oh, not at all; it agrees with me. I left New York because it was too warm for me there.

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So much mystery seems to surround the art of smocking, and I have been so often asked if I knew how it is done, that a few words of explanation may not be amiss, at least to such of my readers as may reside in the country. Suppose they practice on a piece of white cotton. Make six or eight creases parallel to each other and lengthwise in the material. Do this in such a manner that the crease shall have its ridge on the upper side of the material. Make each crease about half a foot in length. Number them 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. Tack creases 1 and 2 together lightly at the top by overcasting or whipping. Leave a space and tack them together again about an inch lower down. Repeat this process until you arrive at the end of these two creases. Then, begin half an inch from the top (or just half way between the first two tacks in Nos. 1 and 2), and tack crease 2 to crease 3. Leave an inch space and again tack crease 2 to crease 3 at a point midway between the tacks in 1 and 2. Repeat this to the end of creases 2 and 3. Begin again and join crease 3 to crease 4 exactly at the top; leave an inch space and tack again; continue to the end of the crease. The tacking of these two creases must be, in every repetition, on a corresponding level with the tacking of Nos. 1 and 2. Beginning again half an inch from the top tack No. 4 to No. 5; space an inch and tack again; repeat to end of creases. The tacking in this row should be on a corresponding level with the tacking of creases 2 and 3. Alternate rows must resemble each other. These instructions, if followed correctly, will give an idea of the effect. The distances may be increased or diminished as desired. The overcasting may be more or less scientifically done and worked in contrasting colors, if preferred. Many people use fine knitting needles run through the cloth in order to secure accuracy of design. To run the smocking into a point, drop two of the smocked diamonds, one at the beginning and one at the end of each horizontal row.

*

As predicted in the early spring English women are making a new departure in foot wear. Tan, pale grey and bronze boots embroidered in steel and amber, or plain, are worn with light summer costumes. I have no doubt they will look very pretty on irreproachable feet, but where the foot is of the ponderous style, or is deformed by bunions, nothing will ever be as suitable as black. In fact all styles of feet look smaller when shod in black.

*

Parasols to be fashionable, must have extremely long handles. The fancy for Directoire and Empire costumes is doubtless responsible for this; possibly as an imitation of the long canes worn with this attire.

*

Perhaps not less important than the improvement in the make of silk gloves, which I noted last week, is the perfection, at last, of a fast black dye. Stockings dyed by this process resist injury from any amount of careless washing, and even defy the generally ruinous effects of soda. No greater discomfort is now to be apprehended from donning black stockings than is experienced in wearing white.

*

Another novelty, and a very delightful one, is a beautifully shaped, woven slip bodice. Being woven, it stretches and moulds to the figure in a way hitherto unknown in slip bodices, ensuring perfect smoothness in the fit of the dress bodice.

*

Beetles, spiders, etc., are again in vogue for bonnet trimmings. Very wide ribbon is mostly used for trimming hats. These are turned up here and indented there, just as the wearer's fancy dictates. An appropriate hat for the Empire costume is three cornered. The Directoire bonnet has a wide brim continued round to the back. The crown should be encircled with ostrich feathers in some pale shade. Strings of a shade corresponding with the feathers are worn with this shape. A pretty bonnet of the small style was worn by a lady whom I met lately on Queen street. It was faced and trimmed with moss green, and finished in front with an exquisite group of lilies of the valley and their cool green leaves.

*

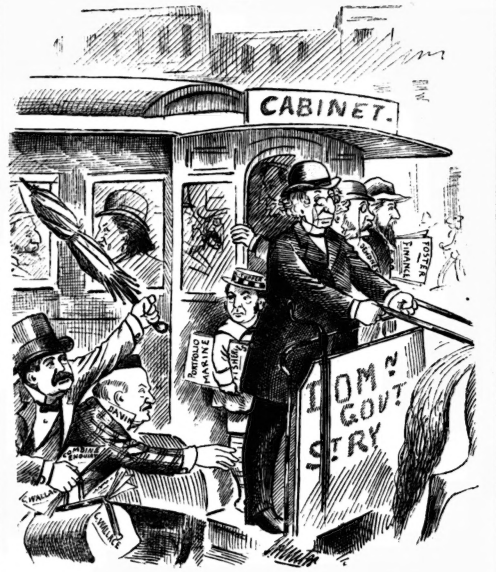
Perhaps the most fascinating portion of the Directoire costume is the quaint fashion of the scarfs, which, coming from under the arms, cross on the bust and pass around the waist to knot behind. One of the newest costumes lying at a fashionable dressmaker's was of primrose and slate gray satin. The primrose tinted portion had a design of gray and formed the front and sides of the kilted skirt. The back was of plain gray. The bodice, made after the fashion of the old spencer vest, opened in a V over a chemisette of the primrose. Sleeves of gray rose hight and loose above the shoulder and narrowed abruptly to the muscular portion of the arm above the elbow; at this point the gray ended and showed skin tight sleeve of primrose continued to the waist. Scarfs of gray lined with primrose came from under the arms, crossed on the bust and after encircling the waist were knotted at the back. "What is she like, and what is she going to wear with it?" I inquired, referring to the happy possessor. And then without waiting for a reply I ventured to suggest that while the dress was too sweet for anything in itself, to be absolutely becoming it must be worn by a black-haired, fair-skinned girl of slender form. She should carry a long-handled parasol or cane, wear long gloves and a three-cornered gray hat with a cockade of daffodils or pale yellow ostrich tips. And if jewelers could only be persuaded to make up amber with old coin silver she might wear a collar of that. And (as my imagination soared further into the realms of dress making) should she have a sister who has brown or golden hair and a good complexion she might wear just such a costume as this, substituting ruddigore for the gray and a pale shade of pink for the primrose, have her hat faced with black velvet and adorn herself with coral and silver jewelry.

*

Mrs. Pratt, widow of Canon Pratt of Peterborough and daughter of Dr. Davys, bishop of that diocese who died recently at the advanced age of seventy-three, was one of Her Majesty's oldest and most cherished friends. When Her Majesty was Princess Victoria, Dr. Davys was one of her preceptors, and a friendship, which grew into affection, sprang up between the royal pupil and the tutor's eldest daughter. On becoming queen, Her Majesty appointed Mrs. Pratt extra woman of the bedchamber. She also acted in the important capacity of royal private secretary. When her father was appointed to the see of Peterborough, the Queen graciously dispensed with Mrs. Pratt's continual residence at court, but she still retained her office, and drew its emoluments to the close of her life. She was a frequent and honored guest at Windsor, and a constant correspondent when absent. It was, therefore, her privilege to know much of the private affairs of the royal circle, and it was from her that Miss Young derived much of the information published in her Life of Queen Victoria.

NUOVA AULA.

LEFT.



The Brotherhoods.

Secretaries of lodges will address, Editor, Saturday Night.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

The week past has been full of interest to the brethren in this city, rendered so by the presence of the members of the Supreme Council and their ladies. The programme arranged for their reception was most successfully carried out; the weather was delightful, and everything tended to make the stay of the visitors enjoyable. Tuesday evening about twenty of the members of the Supreme Council paid a visit to Maple Leaf Council No. 857, which was in session in its rooms in Association Hall. The degree was splendidly exemplified by the officers of the council, Grand Guide English of the council acting as regent by request of Regent Watson. Some sixteen applications for membership were read. Addresses full of good things were delivered by Supreme Bros. Goodwin, McLaren, Wakefield, Donovan, Charlock and others, and recitations by the inimitable Prof. George W. Blish of Boston, and songs by Bro. Harry Blight. Wednesday evening's reception was very successful, a crowded house greeting the supreme representatives as they entered the Pavilion. A choice programme of music was rendered by the Citizens' Band. Mayor Clarke s address of welcome was a splendid effort, and delighted the visitors. Grand Regent McLellan presented an address from Ontario, after which Supreme Regent Lindsley replied, and addresses were delivered by Sup. V. R. Watts, Sup. Orator Loring, and Bros. Pound, Goodwin, Miller and others. Prof. Blish electrified the audience with his recitations, and was recalled over and over again. The sail on the lake by the steamer Chicora was very enjoyable, although a trifle cool. Claxton's orchestra discoursed sweet music, and Harry Webb's best was temptingly laid out on the tables, and heartily appreciated. About four hundred members and ladies were on board. The drive Saturday afternoon gave the visitors a splendid opportunity of seeing our beautiful city at its best, and if we are to judge from the remarks heard on all hands, they were delighted with it. A halt was made at the University, where photographs of the party were taken. Sunday evening service at Carlton street Methodist church was well attended, notwithstanding the rain, and those who were present enjoyed a great treat in the grand sermon preached by Sup. Chaplain Gardner, and the choice programme of music rendered by the choir. Solos were sung by Miss McCallum and Bro. English, and a quartette splendidly rendered by Miss McCallum, Miss Ogden and Messrs. Farrell and Minkler. Monday evening Beaver Council had the honor of a visit from Supreme Regent Lindsley, Past S. R. Butler and Bros. Goodwin, Hazzard, and Wakefield, who addressed the members in turn and complimented the council on its having read thirty-six applications for membership at this session. Bro. Blight sang several songs in fine style. The Supreme Council did a great deal of work at this session, several important amendments being made to the constitution and laws. A pleasing feature of the proceedings was the presentation of handsome baskets of flowers to Supreme Regent Lindsley, Past S. R's. Butler and Trippe and Supreme Guide Burkhardt by the Representatives from Missouri. The following ladies accompanied the presentation to Toronto and formed the Annex for 1888: Mrs. Lindsley, Mrs. Watts, Mrs. Burkhardt, Mrs. Tennant, Mrs. Griffith, Mrs. Griffith, sen., Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Loring, Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Chandler, Mrs. Totten, Mrs. Hazzard, Mrs. Cruett, Mrs. Irvine, Mrs. Trippe, Mrs. Goddard, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Donovan, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Pound, Mrs. Schryver, Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. Runyan, Mrs. Peckinpaugh, Mrs. Cowell, Miss Bradley. On Wednesday and Thursday mornings, the ladies were shown around the city and its public buildings by Grand Guide English, Mrs. English and Mrs. Morley. The visitors left the city on Monday evening more than delighted with their stay with us. In token of the courtesies extended them by her during their visit to the city, Mrs. Chandler and Mrs. Goddard of St. Louis presented Mrs. English with a basket of flowers.

Day Weddings.

But little latitude is allowed in the outer clothing for this occasion. A choice of two styles of coat is permitted, the cut-a-way and the Prince Albert, with a preference for the former distinctly apparent. At many of the most fashionable affairs of this nature occurring in England and New York this year and last, the cut-a-way coat was worn by all the members of the bridal parties. In England it is superseding the Prince Albert for all occasions, and there is no doubt it is in this country making rapid progress in the same direction. Nevertheless, the double-breasted frock has been too long recognized as the only proper garment for dressy day entertainments to be driven from its supremacy without a struggle, and at some of the affairs in London and New York, where matters of this nature have received careful attention, it has prevailed in spite of the decline that is apparent elsewhere. The cut-a-way coat is unquestionably a great popular favorite for all day occasions, but it must be borne in mind that the coat for an afternoon canter, for instance, though in cut nearly the same as the one provided for a wedding, presents differences in fabric and in finish that individualize it and mark a distinction. These are important points to the man who studies the art of dress, and they should be to a certain extent observed by all. Whichever coat is worn it must be black, and of a finished fabric, usually a fine diagonal. If a cut a-way, four buttons are looked upon as more dressy than three, and the buttons must be covered either with silk or the material of which the coat is made, and never of an uncovered substance as horn, rubber etc., The Prince Albert reaches a little above the bend of the knee, is double breasted, is bound with silk braid and silk faced, has four buttons, and the materials diagonal worsteds.

The Vest—The vest accompanying either style is of the same cloth as the coat; it has five buttons to match those on the coat, and the notch collar. It is cut rather lower than last season, with the intention of giving a fuller display of the scarf and shirt bosom.

Trousers—The trousers should be of cassimere, or other fine, smooth-finished goods in a light ground, relieved by a darker stripe or invisible check. The tone of the trousers should be on the drab or stone color, and this shading should be produced by the combination of the ground color with the figure effects, in preference to plain goods.

The above styles furnished by Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rosalin Block, Toronto.

"You have a brother, then, sir?"
"Yes, madam."
"Only one?"
"Yes, madam."
"Strange! I just asked your sister the same question, and she replied that she had two."

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FIRST-CLASS FIT AND FINISH TO ALL OUR WORK

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Who is the Leading Teacher of Toronto? - - Prof. Davis
Who has taught 11,000 pupils in Toronto? - - Prof. Davis
Who has been teaching 38 years in Toronto? - Prof. Davis
Who wrote and published the only book on dancing in Canada? - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who originated the "Jersey?" - - - - - Prof. Davis
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Who composed and published piano music for the above dances - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who taught the only Court dance "La Pavane," as danced at the Art Fair? - - - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Morris Dance," (Art Fair) - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Maypole Dance," (Art Fair) - Prof. Davis
Who taught the "Rustics" to enter (Art Fair) Prof. Davis
Who taught the Ladies their "March," (Art Fair) - - - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who teaches at five of the Principal Ladies Seminaries in Toronto - - - - - - - Prof. Davis
Who is the Leading Teacher of Stately Parlor Dancing in Canada - - - - - - Prof. Davis
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has organized a class and will take private pupils, apply at R. S. Williams & Co.'s piano rooms, Yonge Street,
MISS CHENEY will accept concert engagements, or as soprano soloist in a choir.

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SPLENDID VALUE
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We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits---the manufacturer's and our own---which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.
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The finest assortment of High Class Furnishings in the city
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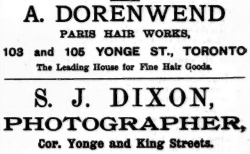
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A GREAT OPPORTUNITY
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The Ladies' Tailors, successors to J. Pittman & Co.

With the exception of the bands in the parks and a very good concert by the choir of the Central Presbyterian Church on Tuesday night, the past week has been an idle one musically speaking. Mr. Cringan has succeeded in organizing a very efficient choir which sings with precision and certainty, albeit with a certain crudity of voice, which time will no doubt mellow. I noticed that all the pieces were sung from the Sol-fa notation, which is a tribute to Mr. Cringan's consistency as well as the proficiency of the choir in a notation which a short time ago must have been new to most of the members. Songs were sung by Miss Christine Ramsay, Miss Detta Ziegler and Mr. E. W. Schuch, and were sung so well that in each case warm encores honored the performance. The Wagner-Liszt Spinning Song received a fine interpretation at the hands of Miss Eva Jones. Miss A. Ramsay and Mr. J. Alexander added much to the evening's enjoyment by clever recitations.

•

Taking advantage of the lull in music in Toronto, I went over to Buffalo on June 9 and attended the fourth Music Festival held in that city. Though not attended as largely as was expected, it still was a great artistic success. First of all, the Music Hall is a beautiful room for the purpose. It seats over three thousand people, and is acoustically perfect. Every seat in the gallery is a good one, and by a clever device the room is not disfigured with a maze of unsightly pillars to carry the gallery. The gallery rests on its middle line in a brick wall, the floor width being less than the upper width. By this means the weight of the gallery balances itself. A drawback is the level floor, which leaves those in back seats at the mercy of high hats. The high hat nuisance was not so great on this occasion, and the youth and beauty of Buffalo turned out without bonnets and in dress suits almost to a man—and a woman.

•

With regard to the beauty, my patriotic feeling was gratified by the reflection that more of it could be seen at a Toronto concert than was visible in Buffalo last week. The dresses were rich and sumptuous, but to my uneducated and comparatively provincial eye, many were *bizarre* and inelegant. The music, as to its choice, left almost nothing to be desired. The first evening was devoted to Berlioz' Faust, a cantata on the subject of Goethe's great poem. It is a sublime work, in which the great master of orchestration has given full play to his fancy. The choruses are fine and imposing; the vocal solos are gems of melody and the accompaniments are delightful, exquisite bits of obligato passages cropping up continually. The cantata abounds in purely orchestral numbers, any one of which detached would form an attractive concert number. Of these the celebrated Racoczy March has already been played here by Dr. Damrosch's orchestra. The Dance of Sylphs is an exquisite bit of delicate pianissimo playing. Later on the minuet of the Will o' the Wisps is also most effective, and the ride of Faust and Mephistopheles to the infernal region is the perfect revel of a wild imagination.

•

The orchestra was Thomas', numbering sixty men, and they played throughout the festival as I never heard them play before. Absolute certainty of pitch and time and the most exquisite dynamic gradations made Thomas' performance one never to be forgotten. The vocalists were Mme. Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch, her new husband, Herr Paul Kalisch, Herr Max Alvary, the celebrated German operatic tenor, and Herr Emil Fischer, a basso of equal renown. Mme. Lehmann sang perfectly, so well that I question whether she has a living superior. Her voice is full and round and sympathetic to the last degree, and her rendering of the love-lorn Marguerite's music was a marvel of pathos and expression. In the later performances she was occasionally "drowned out" by the force of Thomas' orchestra, which the great leader has not yet altogether learned to subordinate to the voice in accompaniments. Herr Alvary did not please me so much as Herr Kalisch. The former has a bright large voice, but has an unpleasant way of forcing his chest voice too high, which sometimes makes his singing painful to listen to. Kalisch is better in his method and has a pretty voice of considerable volume. Fischer is, taken all around, the best bass I have heard since the golden days of Karl Formes.

•

At the matinee on Saturday, an arrangement by Thomas of Chopin's Funeral March was the *piece de resistance*, and some very weird and impressive effects were introduced. The evening performance was devoted to Wagner, and opened with a splendid rendering of the Tannhæuser overture. The Prayer from Lohengrin followed the introduction to the second act, exquisitely played. Siegfried's Death from the Gotterdæmmerung, the Isolde introduction, and the Ride of the Walkyries were the principal numbers of the programme, to which must be added the exquisite singing of Isolde's Liebestod by Mme. Lehmann. The enterprise of Buffalo in arranging splendid festivals, and the good music I have heard there led me to expect a fine chorus. But in this I was wofully disappointed, and I don't think that either of our societies at the weakest and worst ever gave a poorer performance than did the great festival chorus at Buffalo. Four hundred voices without tonal power; tenors that would get flat, basses without brilliancy, and sopranos that scooped to almost every note, were the characteristics that adorned the chorus. The attacks were poor, and they dragged in their time. There was a pretty, soft quality in the soprano voices that was lost, however, as soon as they got into higher regions. Toronto may safely congratulate itself on its splendid choral forces, and does not suffer comparison with its neighboring and more pretentious cities.

•

The Toronto Philharmonic Society holds its annual meeting on Tuesday evening next, at which the executive committee will come out in a new and most laudable light. After the business of the year has been reported and discussed, the governing powers will hand around ice cream and cakes. This is as it should be, for a society that has lived as long as the Philharmonic, done as good work, and braved as many storms, should endeavor to form an internal bond of friendship, as well as one of art. Despite the danger that lurks unseen in the giddy ice cream freezer, members may safely indulge in the intoxicating saucer, as the seductive material will be provided by Toronto's best caterer.

•

Mr. Chas. E. Burch, organist of St. Stephen's Church, has joined the ranks of the Benedicts, having last week married Miss Arnott of Carlton street. May good luck and prosperity attend them.

•

Mr. E. A. Mumford, choirmaster of St. Anne's Church, has been attracted to the staff of the G. T. R. at Hamilton, and on resigning his post the choir presented him with a handsome diamond breastpin.

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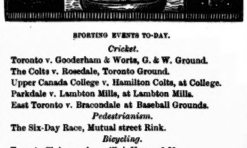
When shall we have Thomas' orchestra here again? METRONOME.



SPORTING EVENTS TO-DAY.

Cricket.

Toronto v. Gooderham & Worts, G. & W. Ground.
The Colts v. Rosedale, Toronto Ground.
Upper Canada College v. Hamilton Colts, at College.
Parkdale v. Lambton Mills, at Lambton Mills.
East Toronto v. Bracondale at Baseball Grounds.

Pedestrianism.

The Six-Day Race, Mutual street Rink.

Bicycling.

Toronto Club, run from Club House, 2:30.
Wanderers, run from Club House, 2:30.

Trotting.

Handicap at Newmarket.

•

And again has Hanlan lowered his colors to an Antipodean. This time it is Kemp who did the trick. The latest Australian mail advices state that the race was a really good one, but if what the cornstalk papers say is true, Hanlan has lost his staying powers forever. His old tactics of starting off with a rush and trying to beat his man in the first mile were tried unsuccessfully. He has been in the first class longer than any professional sculler of the day and held the world's championship longer. His record is, if not one of unceasing victories, the history of a man who has always been square and it is satisfactory to know that the financial results of his races have given him enough to live on nicely. His defeat of Trickett on Wednesday, I think goes for little. The "old 'un" is not the man he was, and even at his best, he was never up to the world's championship form.

•

There is talk of Charles Carr, the North of England sculler coming over shortly. He had better stay at home if it's money he's after. The man who can't beat Bubear will have not much chance of making money in America.

•

Why should not Toronto University have a boat club? At none of the Canadian colleges is rowing a recognized sport, but there is no reason for this thusness—as Mr. Smiff would say. That Toronto colleges could support a well equipped boat club no one will deny. There are numbers of undergrads in town who don't go in for cricket, which is the only summer sport among the collegians. Would they not take to rowing kindly? Somebody needs to give the scheme a start, and it will "go" without doubt. Look at the excitement an annual race between Toronto University and McGill would make. The only possible objection that could be adduced is that the college begins vacation very early. Still if men have time for cricket should not other men have time for rowing?

•

The news of the victory of Captain Hume Blake's Rivet in the Toronto Yacht Club scaled handicap race on Saturday last, was received with satisfaction by everybody. The Captain gave the rest of the fleet some good points on "boxing" during the race. By the way, I saw in the same race the Cyprus under the handling of her new owners, in the lead on the same big spinnaker, and she did very well considering the fact that the wind was not at all to her liking.

•

Something very novel to Torontonians was the walking match at the Mutual street rink. I fancy that the great majority went only once, and returned not again. Not that they were disgusted; they were well satisfied, but there is a dreary dizziness and sameness about sitting in a chair and watching a lot of badly broken up professional tramps jog around a sawdust track. Then it was alone worth the price of admission to be allowed to stay out of the way of the band. It was awful! It was the worst band I ever heard in my life. I hope it travels around with the show. The next town to be "worked" is Hamilton. I have a hated enemy there. When he hears that band I will no longer have use for the revolver which I intended him to look into in order to see whether it was loaded.

•

If the band had had its night off every evening during the week, there would have been quite an amount of fun over at the rink. Some of the rigs worn by the peds were remarkable, to say the least of them. Taylor, the "Old Man," wore long gingham trousers, blue braces and a very decollete white guernsey. He should get his hair cut. He ran around the track in his stocking feet and seemed to consider the whole thing from a strictly business standpoint. Hart, the black man, looked as though he thought himself quite a nice young fellow. He is really well-built, and has a nice run. When he gets into a walk he looks very tired. The great favorite was, of course, Dave Bennett, the Torontonian. He really ran splendidly the first two nights, and kept well up in the procession. Collins, the funny looking little waiter who was in Thomas' a short time ago, shot his bolt the first night. Why a man like him, with no training, and who works indoors from morning to night, should go in for a six-days' race is more than I can understand. He was the picture of misery on Monday night, and when Tuesday came he had disappeared. At the time this is being written, Taylor continues to lead, but I think Hart has a better chance for premier honors. Still, nobody knows what arrangement the management may have come to regarding who is to be winner.

•

Toronto has again struck something like a ball-playing streak, and the baseball cranks are jubilant. That the directors, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Secretary Bennett has taken a much-needed holiday, have decided to make the team as strong as possible, is evident. President McConnell is said to have visited New York with a view towards buying Crane's release. Considering the fact that the Torontos' ex-pitcher has been doing good work in the box lately, it is improbable that Mr. Mike will be successful. Toronto also wants Oberlander of Cleveland, the gentleman whom the Kansas City Cowboys pounded to pieces the other day. Oberlander told the Toronto directorate that he wouldn't sign with the club if they bought his release. Probably he is sorry now.

•

There was really a good game at the baseball grounds last Saturday, when the Press and Financial and Legal nines played for the benefit of the Fahey fund. I desire to express a large sample of most distinguished consideration to Mr. Deacon White, of the *Telegram*. I remember, when Mr. White was a small boy, giving him lessons in ball playing on the old Queen's Park flats. As a result, look what he has come to. He writes jokes in the *Telegram* when the Khan is off on holidays, and plays third base for Manager Good's aggregation. While I am on this subject I might just as well shout for the release of Mr. Gus Alberts Pirie. He's no good. He is too fat to make a ball player and he got rattled when the editor of the *Telegram* and I yelled "rats" at him. The people of Toronto will support a good (press) ball club, but Pirie must be released if the management wants to pay a dividend. He can't stop anything, and he strikes out in the most agricultural fashion. Now I know a young man who is really a Jim Corker of a ball player all round, and as for his work at short it is unparalleled. You would say so if you saw it once. The dark horse stands about 5 ft. 11, and he isn't the editor of the *Telegram*. Now, Mr. Good!

•

London is playing well and Hamilton has signed Catcher Thayer, discarded by Mr. Cushman. The chances are that Thayer will play the game of his life now that he is with Toronto's Jonah. Report says that Hamilton is losing money fast this year. I know the crowds at the games are usually small.

•

The Toronto Athletic Club's series of Summer Night handicap games bids fair to be a very decided success. On Tuesday evening six events were disposed of, and, as the handicappers had done their work very fairly well, everything went off merrily.

•

When Hanlan was in his prime the United States papers talked of him as "the American oaraman." Now that his day is done he is once more the Canadian. But his place is filled. When George Gray of Coldwater, in this province, went over to the N. Y. A. A. C. games last season and astonished everybody by his shot-putting performances the Yorkers got around him and persuaded him to join their club. Now he has gone to Europe with the teams from the New York and Manhattan clubs, and the New York papers announce him as an American. He is, but he isn't a United States man.

•

Talking of rowing, I am glad to hear that Mr. M. A. Mackenzie, who was at Trinity College, in this city, a short time ago, has won the Freshman's sculls at the University races at Oxford. He entered Selwyn College last autumn.

•

Rather a novelty in rifle matches was the "telegraph match" between Toronto and Ottawa last Saturday. Of course there is a great deal of luck as to weather in these matches, but they may become popular.

•

There is much disappointment in Montreal on account of the Torontos not being able to send a twelve down to return the game played here with the Shamrocks on May 24. The Torontos' old rivals had been making great preparations, and a grand "gate" was assured. But Fate and business engagements were against the Torontos. At a committee meeting on Tuesday night it was definitely decided not to send a twelve down. The committee had hustled all day trying to get a team together but their efforts had been fruitless. The Shamrocks will be asked to accept a game at a later date.

•

The N. A. L. A. has never succeeded in freeing itself from the odium of professionalism. The latest phase of the question is the lodging of charges against McCarthy, McConachy, and Brown of Brockville. President Stevenson of the association says that, in his opinion, the charges against McConachy are well founded, and suggests that if men will be professionals, that a professional twelve be formed. Wherein I think he is making a gigantic mistake. The life of lacrosse has been derived from the fact that people knew when they were looking at a game that the men engaged played to win, and that they played lacrosse because they liked the game. When the professional element is brought into the game, then will the interest in lacrosse begin to wane. Charges of selling events are made against every professional team, no matter how "white" the members may be, for professionals that is; but the public has the impression that some of the men who play games for money, consider that they are "out for the stuff" and that they will get it, one way or the other. There is no fear of professionalism ever undermining the C. A. L. A., but all lovers of the national game will regret to see the president of one of the associations formed for promoting the interests of lacrosse, fostering a plan which will make it nothing but a money-making scheme.

•

There is little new in the cricket line. You have heard of the grand time the Toronto eleven had at Port Hope and Kingston, and how the Duke made eighty-five! Had he been able to run all his hits out, he would have had one hundred and twenty—so Leigh says. On convocation day the 'Varsity defeated the College handily. YAKATERAG.

ALLEN G. THURMAN.
Nominee of the Democratic Convention for Vice-President.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

Death by electricity after January 1, 1889! at least, here in New York State. I wonder what effect this change will have upon the criminal class. I wonder if such a quick and painless quietus will have any anticipatory terrors equal to the prospect of slowly strangling with a rope about the neck and a black cap over the face. What will be the moral effect of this innovation. A well-known and experienced hangman, an adept in this art of killing, says in sober earnest, and with, we must admit, well grounded judgment, that it will fail to be as impressive or restrictive as the old and time-honored means generally in use. How many times have we heard good and brave men wish for quick death, when death must be. It is too long dwelling on the event; it is "conscience that doth make cowards of us all." A condemned man learns to know the surety of coming end, it is the pain in reaching it that most he fears. A subject fit for a Bain this, a thesis for a new chapter in psychology. Science makes new fields for investigation not dreamed of in its direct application.

Balzac sounded every crevasse of character, looked deep down and through most souls, analyzed them as a chemist, and gave his readers the secret of the lives he drew. He could have pictured in detail the value of this new death. Have you read Balzac! To many, even to some "literary people," I dare say, he is unknown, perhaps because their French has grown rusty. This is no longer excuse for remaining in ignorance of one of the greatest masters of fiction with a purpose. In Balzac you may study people along with the philosophy, the secret of life that makes them as they are. He does more than merely paint an interesting picture, he instils the breath of life into it, you learn to know his characters, to think with them, to feel with them, to sympathize, *live with them*. He is the realist of them all; he is minute, detailed, analytic; he is profound. Have no fear of his being "too Frenchy," at least do not fear him in the admirable English translation published by Roberts Bros. These have brought about a sort of Balzac revival, have given many of us a new novelist. Pere Goriot, The Country Doctor, Cesar Bivotteau, The Alkalest, are books to be read.

George Meredith is also a new novelist in the way that Balzac is new. He has been writing for many years, has been known to a few as a "great novelist," but to the public who read stories he has been unknown. Now with the new impetus given by a cheaper edition of his works and the use of creditable opinion in advertising them, he has been made quite the vogue. You will not read him for the story; you must read him for the characters in it. They are studies, but fascinating and profitable ones.

Five hundred thousand people travel on the elevated roads every day, and I hear that a late estimate adds twenty-five thousand to the figure. What a city of travelers we are, and how much time is saved in the aggregate by these same roads. I shall not go further into statistics, but I dare say they have paid for themselves in time gained. Who would willingly give them up and return to the horse-car? New York is a city of magnificent distances. It is hardly possible to live within walking distance of business. By street car it takes thirty minutes to the City Hall, by the Elevated fifteen, an important consideration if you are due at nine, and have breakfast at eight forty.

Magazines now-a-days are expensive luxuries to their projectors. The first-class periodical has to compete with the best in modern art and books. They draw their literary matter from men who make books and, of course, have to pay about as much for an article as a book might bring in copyright; many articles, I am sure, have brought very considerably more than several book rights. Illustrations are secured from artists whose work commands good prices at the academy. Beyond the artist is the engraver, and besides artist, writer and engraver are editors, printers, etc., etc. The sum total cost of a single issue of one first-class magazine would start several book stores and run a country newspaper through an adverse campaign. And yet the prize of success is worth the venture. A circulation of 150,000, with 50 or 75 pages of advertising at $200 each a month, seems a pretty fair return. To succeed means a fortune; to fail, a fortune lost.

Railways have done almost as much for the American people as the Declaration of Independence. We hardly realize the extent of them in the United States alone, for they now extend, according to a writer in *Scribners' Magazine*, one hundred and fifty thousand miles, nearly half the mileage of the world, and to realize this calls upon the imagination in a powerful way. What human energy and skill have done in constructing these important thoroughfares reads like a romance. With such achievements as the Canadian Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, the Union Pacific, before us there seems to be no reason to doubt that, in the direction of railways, at least, mind has over-topped nature. What a splendid subject for literature and art! If "The Building of a Railway," in *Scribners' Magazine* for June, gives a foretaste of the series of articles to follow, then we are to have a fitting and appreciative record of one of the chief factors in civilization.

NEW YORK, June 12. CARRINGTON.

99 cents is the figure that Danford Roche & Co. are selling Morton's Moresque best quality Brussels carpet, regular price of which is $1.35. Also Wiltons, $1.10, worth $1.50; Axminsters, $1.65, worth $2.25. They are giving up the carpet department.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

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Col. Denison to tramp—You met this lady on the highway and demanded alms of her, and she refused you?

Criminal—Yes, your Worship.

"And then you threatened her life?"

"O, no! I didn't do that."

"You seized your bludgeon with both hands and said: 'Madame, you must die.' You did that, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I didn't threaten her life. I said that she must die, and so she must, some time or other. We all must die some day. I didn't say when she must die. I think a great deal about death and all that, and——"

"Two years in the Central."

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rocts. More Than Single First-Class Fare.

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J. HICKSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, May 31, 1888.

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POTSDAM, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., January 14, 1888.

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Whereas, we as a class have listened to the lectures on MEMORY TRAINING given by Prof. Loisette with much pleasure and profit to ourselves, and whereas we believe that his system for cultivating the memory is the only NATURAL and SCIENTIFIC method.

Resolved, that we as organized body, tender our thanks to Prof. Loisette, for the pleasure and profit which he has afforded us, and that we herewith express our full confidence in his system of MEMORY TRAINING, to accomplish all that he has promised.

E. H. COOK, Principal.
And thirteen other Professors.

"Prof. Loisette gave me a new memory."—Hon. Judah P. Benjamin.... "You have made a great discovery, and you possess the rarest skill of communicating to all your pupils the full benefits of this discovery."—John Gibson, President Judge of the 19th Dist. of Penn'a.... "It has greatly strengthened my natural memory."—Hon. W. W Astor, late U. S. Minister to Italy.... "Prof. Loisette's system appears to me to warrant the strongest indorsement."—John C. Heiner, M. D.... "I regret that it did not form a part of the curriculum of our schools."—Stephen Rand, Esq., Paymaster of the U S. Navy.... "There is not one institution of learning in the land that would be without its aid if its worth were known."—Rev. A. J. McInerney, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Annapolis.... "I have formed one class by correspondence; and have decided that hereafter I shall try to induce all my students to master this system before they engage in their linguistic studies under my direction."—Rev. Francis B Denio, Professor of Hebrew in the Baptist Theological Seminary.... "Since learning your system, I find I can soon learn to play any piece of music without notes, a feat impossible to me formerly."—Elias Cawthorne.... "Prof. Loisette's system is a great boon, not only to the student of shorthand, but to the veteran reporter."—W. W. Wilson, stenographer.... "By his system I have already learned one book in one reading, and I intend to learn many more in the same way."—Sir Edward H. Meredyth, Bart.... "I confidently recommend your system to all who desire to strengthen their memory and cure their mind wandering."—Bernard Ellis, Esq.... "It is a perfect memory system."—Weekly Budget.... "I do not say that I made myself a walking Hume or Macaulay, but I do say that what I had learned, I knew perfectly, thanks to your system. The result was full marks (150)."—Reginald E. Murray, Esq.... "I have just come off top in a bursary examination, and I owe my success in great measure to the general improvement which your system had effected in my retentiveness and acumen."—Thomas Tait, Esq.... "I have no hesitation in thoroughly recommending the system to all who are in earnest in wishing to train their memories effectively, and are therefore willing to take reasonable pains to obtain so useful a result."—Mr. Richard A. Proctor, the Astronomer.... "I was taught by correspondence. The utility of the system is beyond question. In three weeks I was able to memorize the names, faces, position on roster, character (in fact, every necessary particular) of more than 400 officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the wing under my command in my regiment."—A. W. Jamieson, Major of Bengal Staff Corps.... "There is this all-important difference between other systems and that of Prof. Loisette, that while the former are arbitrary and artificial, the latter is entirely based upon physiological and psychological principles."—*The People's Friend.*

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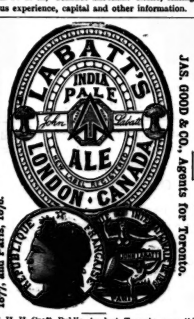

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